THE FORUM
FOR MAY 1914

TO MY FELLOW-MILLIONAIRES

DEMAS

I

IF only I could make this letter a trumpet call to action! To-day, for the first time in my life, I really regret my inability to express my thoughts and feelings in words that should stir men's hearts and steel their wills. Generally I have been able to employ some unbusinesslike college graduate with a moving and facile pen; but to-day, when my heart is on fire, I cannot bring myself to trust any hireling, however loyal and capable. I write because I must. And even with all my shortcomings I cannot forgo the hope that the burning zeal within my breast may impart some unsuspected power to my halting pen. History is not without examples of devoted crusaders who have been so inspired by a momentous crisis that they have risen above their own weak mortality and roused their fellow-men by the innate justice and compelling truth of the cause that cried for utterance and would not be denied.

With this tiny grain of comfort, I plunge at once toward my central thought, which is, We must rally to the defence of our class. To any intelligent man it is dismally clear that our supremacy is not merely threatened, but on the verge of being utterly lost; and, inasmuch as I am writing to men of my own sort, I shall not be misunderstood when I say that the welfare of mankind absolutely demands that our beneficent power remain essentially unimpaired. We all know that in our hands wealth and position are used for the greatest good to the greatest number; nor need I recall the eloquent argument made by one of our

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most prominent industrial representatives to the effect that we had been intrusted by Divine Providence with these important charges and that therefore we ought not to be disturbed. To me that reverent and benevolent declaration has always seemed quite on the same high level as the beautiful old hymn I used to hear sung by God-fearing throats, during my earlier visits to restful England:

> The rich man in his castle,
> The poor man at his gate,
> God made them high or lowly,
> And ordered their estate.

But as I motored through the dear familiar scenes last summer I heard no longer these goodly songs of peace and harmony, but raucous, discordant cries of upsurging rebellion. In our own land the situation is even worse. It is idle to shut our eyes. We stand before a fathomless abyss. A blind, unreasoning proletariat surges madly about us, not seeing that our downfall must inevitably bring confusion and misery to themselves and to all mankind. Yet we abide serenely calm, or even merry withal, as though we were sitting before some never-to-be-interrupted feast of nectared sweets, instead of tottering upon the horrific brink of an all-engulfing chasm.

II

Why have things come to such a fearsome crisis? Simply because we have allowed men and women of the lower classes to develop a belief in their individual importance and in the feasibility of bringing about fundamental improvements in their condition. In this way they have been encouraged to make unreasonable demands upon life.

I must admit, however, that the responsibility for this attitude does not rest altogether upon our class as it exists to-day, or even as it existed in earlier generations. Certainly our historical representatives used to do what lay in their power to preserve a proper spirit in their inferiors. Through many centuries they were able to utilize the offices of the church: there is nothing like the Will and Word of God to keep an ignorant peasant or

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upstart townsman in his place, when the books and swords are in the hands of his superiors. The healthful spirit breathing in the delightful hymn, from which I have quoted, was the safeguard of European morals and property for nearly two thousand years.

But to-day many of the churches seem to be turning against us. It is true that even now they are often rallied by intrinsic justice to the cause of wealth and respectability, as we saw in the action of a recent ecclesiastical assembly when it was dealing with the greatly overstressed problem of child labor; yet there is abundant and unmistakable evidence of a tendency to emphasize the lowlier wards of God. Even clergymen are showing a regrettable disinclination to leave the wages of sin and virtue to a future life, or the righting of wrong and alleviating of economic distress to the intervention of an all-wise Father, who is at the same time all-powerful and all-kind.

As for myself, I have always felt that the undiluted preaching of the religion of the Nazarene would mean nothing less than out and out socialistic equality in rights and goods. In fact, it would make the wildest of wild work in this best of all possible worlds. But, like all other respectable men, I have relied upon our pulpits to interpret His doctrines sensibly and helpfully. Accordingly, I must confess to a mood of exacerbated disappointment before the changing attitude of the churches; and I herewith make the practical suggestion that we bring more pressure to bear upon their leaders. We have become too tolerant. We have given money, and have neglected to see how it was applied. For instance, we have distributed millions for denominational colleges, and have failed to protest while they have been producing agnostics in religion and radicals in economics. It is time, I say, to call a halt. It is time to insist that the money we bestow shall promote the causes dear to our hearts,—orthodoxy in matters of faith and stability in social conditions. Please do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that we ourselves should not think our own thoughts and live our own lives; I am only urging a general policy that shall operate for the welfare of our class, and therefore of all mankind.

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III

If we turn from religion to science we find a situation equally discouraging.

The history of the movement is replete with interest; and I regard the original capturing of evolution for our side as one of the cleverest exploits of human thought. At first the doctrine wore the face of a foe; but soon the features became most friendly under the skilful manipulation of brilliant interpreters, whom I need not name. They simply applied to social and economic relations this well-established tenet: "The wear and tear of evolution has, so to say, brought the necessary elements into their proper places by a natural process." If history is simply a phase of evolution and therefore a "necessary and natural process," we must conclude it is a good process, and that "whatever has happened ought to have happened just so and no otherwise." It is clear that this interpretation explains most satisfactorily, as well as most justly, the position of the lowly and unsuccessful, while it is not less favorable to us than was the Will of God to our forbears. Whatever is, is best, whether we appeal to a Divine Providence or to natural selection. Obviously the weaklings fail because they deserve to fail, whereas we flourish because we deserve to flourish; and one would suppose that such a coldly reasoned verdict of science superimposed on the authoritative sanction of religion would have silenced our assailants once for all.

But of late the weaker and unsuccessful seem to be just as stiff-necked in their rebellion against "nature's inevitable tendencies" as against religion's Divine Providence. These unreasonable creatures insist on charging their grievances to the present social system instead of attributing them to the unalterable decrees of evolution.

Moreover, even as many churchmen have been untrue to their own high calling, so not a few socially imaginative scientists are asserting that the human will and brain have developed to a point at which they no longer have an excuse for failing to control evolution. Some of the least reasonable even suggest that the

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upper classes, by criminal neglect or deliberate repression, have been responsible for the backwardness of the less fortunate. And all of them go on to claim that we must give natural selection a new meaning for the human race by insuring that it shall operate among men living under equally favorable conditions.

Now members of our own class are notoriously unplagued by imagination, so I cannot expect them to grasp easily and promptly the full significance of the foregoing arguments; but I have been pondering these questions for a long time, and I realize that if the children of the masses are to be as well nurtured as our own and provided with the same facilities for education, there confronts us the ghastly possibility that our sons and daughters might be outstripped. In fact, with the beastly vigor of many plebeian stocks before my eyes, I shudder to think of the outcome.

But here again I must make a few practical suggestions. It is obvious that the menace is rooted in the spread of popular education, and inasmuch as the impetus thereof cannot be checked, it must be guided. Accordingly, in the cities we should induce the poor man to demand industrial and vocational training for his children, instead of subjects that are more generally educative; and this ought to be accomplished rather easily, because it sounds so plausible to advocate useful studies which shall soon become a source of revenue. Thus we may widen the useful gulf between rich and poor by promoting a sort of laudable caste system.

Similarly we should induce the farmer to support only agricultural schools and colleges, and advise him particularly not to send his children to universities. In this way the great liberal pursuits and more influential professions may be retained most effectively on our side.

Again, in our endowed universities we must advocate self-perpetuating boards of control, thus insuring a desirable conservatism. Above all we should oppose extravagant grants to State universities. This point, I fear, will be lost upon my friends who have not followed the amazing development of these popularly supported institutions; but, as a matter of fact, they are becoming veritable hotbeds of opportunity for the sons and

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daughters of obscure nobodies. Furthermore, with their pandering to so-called democratic rights and popular needs, they threaten to usurp the educational leadership of the country. Even at the best, education is against us, unless it is primarily æsthetic; and these State institutions represent one of the most serious factors in the undermining of our supremacy. They should be hampered and thwarted at every turn.

IV

Nor do I find myself enheartened when I pass from such considerations to observation of actual conditions in various lands.

It has long been my custom to spend in travel a part of the money wherewith a kindly Providence has blessed me. Indeed, I was the first American to cross the Pyrenees in a motor car; and I have never ceased to love the face of nature as one sees it from the yielding cushions of a Daimler landaulette. But of recent years even the beauty of the fleeting landscape and the soothing purr of the engine have not been able to distract me from a number of most discomforting thoughts.

Last summer, for instance, in green-tressed England, I could never get away from Lloyd George, with his ruthless persecution of the nobility and gentry. Instead of being soothed by such songs as the sweetly submissive hymn referred to above, my ears were torn by rancorous murmurs about a living wage, or the right of the toiler to the land he tills. Hardly less significant was the heart-broken plaint of my honored old friend, Sir William Grandleigh of Saxon Towers, who confided to me that one of his daughters and most of his grandchildren were infected with one or another of the current economic or social heresies.

More disturbing still was my experience in Germany. My first visit to Prussia occurred some decades ago when the Iron Chancellor wielded such perfect control; and since those golden days I have never ceased to thrill with hope for our cause in a country whose citizens are so nobly capable of honoring the Hohenzollerns, with their Olympian insistence on the divine right of their house, and of submitting gracefully when officers

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of the army jostle their wives and mothers into the well-kept gutters. But with each of my later visits the wings of my hope flutter less confidently. It is true that nothing could have been more reassuring and dignified than the uncompromising attitude of von Bethmann-Hollweg, when demagogic members of the House criticised the abuse of military power at Zabern. But the very fact that such a spirit was manifested in the Reichstag and that the people ventured to voice a protest against the decision of the military court of appeals must fill one with grave anxiety.

Above all, I am dismayed by the unremitting activity and insatiable demands of the Social Democrats. I shall never forget the jarring sensation I experienced on encountering some of their literature last year. It marred my whole trip through the Rheinthal: a mishap to the engine of my car could scarcely have been more annoying. I wonder how many of you have read carefully the programme of these relentless agitators. It is revolutionary. It is anarchistic. Every privilege of wealth is to disappear. And the malcontents seem to gain ground with fearful speed.

What a change in a brief span of years! It seems but yesterday that Bismarck's fulmination against "the party of destruction" was carried by an overwhelming majority. And what a delightfully thoroughgoing law it was! It not only forbade the existence of any organization that promulgated views contrary to the established social and political order, it placed a ban on meetings, processions, and publications, and wound up by giving the police practically unrestricted powers in dealing with offenders. Nothing could have seemed wiser and more beneficent. But what does one see now? A Social Democrat vote of 4,250,000 in the Reichstag election of 1912, despite the Emperor's admonitions and a wise suffrage provision that insures a tremendous advantage to the propertied classes. With the slightest modification of the franchise in the direction of equality these dangerous innovators will have a huge majority in the once stately Imperial Parliament. And therewith will come the end; for ministries will be made responsible to the Reichstag, instead

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of to the Kaiser, and the waters of destruction will flood the ruins of this gloriously conservative constitution.

Nor could I derive any more solace from my aristocratic friends in Germany than from those in England. A few staunch hearts, perhaps inspired by Nietzsche, still believe that "the crude insensate creed of altruism" may be hurled back and buried in the abyss of time; but most of them feel that the old gladsome sunlight is darkening into a democratic night.

Eventually I approached a venerable Professor of Economics, and he threw out a thought that was the most sensational of all I heard. His point was this: "In our blindness we have turned to State ownership and have nationalized our railways, canals, harbors, telephones, telegraph lines, and what not. We have encouraged municipalities to undertake all sorts of projects —theatres, markets, warehouses, gas plants, improved dwellings for the poor, hospitals, and countless similar things. In our confidence we fancied we could keep the control of government in the hands of the wealthy and conservative by means of a sagaciously discriminating franchise. But these accursed Social Democrats are gaining every day, and when they come into power they will have all this socialistic machinery ready to their hands. In no other country will a wild-eyed democracy have such facilities for carrying out its dream. Was ever irony so grim? We have literally fulfilled the Scriptures by building houses that others may dwell therein."

But if the stalwart old *Vaterland* is giving way, what may we not expect from countries less staunch and stable? Sometimes I think that even Russia can be relied upon only because of the abundance of vodka and paucity of books. In every other land the death-birds are descending to their feast.

V

Of our own beloved country I can hardly bear to speak. And even if I could control my emotions, I could not open my heart without trenching upon political issues and thereby exposing our cause to the dangerous friction of controversy. Yet I should not be found praising one party rather than another. In

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my despair, I am convinced that if the Democrats do not nationalize the telephone and telegraph systems in six years, the Republicans will do it within fourteen. From these to the railroads will prove an easy step. Sometimes I am almost forced to conclude that the postal service should have been left in private hands, so powerful and pestilential an argument does it offer the advocates of nationalized control. The construction of the Panama Canal is hardly less noxious; and if this Alaskan railway enterprise is successful, the popular mind may well be excused for losing faith in the great adamantine law of competition.

Withdrawing, then, from these "woods perilous," I wish to point out two or three important considerations of a non-political nature, hitherto neglected even by the most serious and intelligent opponents of socialized democracy. For instance, if this present tendency toward political, economic and social equality is carried to a logical conclusion, as now seems alarmingly possible, what will become of our two noblest sports, polo and yacht racing? Last spring, as Blanchegarde, my little three thousand tonner, lay snugly anchored off the flower-scented Riviera, I kept pondering these momentous problems, until my soul cried out against the impending destruction of the old order. Any human being who has felt the quiver of his scurrying pony and heard the heart-stirring click as the well-driven ball started toward the goal,—any man, I say, who is a man, will fight to the death for the preservation of polo. Yet we all know that polo cannot be kept going without a wealthy leisure class. So, too, with the inspiriting race of our white-winged darlings, when we become a part of sky and sea and breeze,—who could ever see yachting die? But even more than polo this regal sport demands a plethoric purse and days of freedom. Yet you and I sit supinely by, while our nation drifts toward a socialistic madness in which these God-given sports will be lost to man. I care not for pheasant preserves and vast hunting estates, although I have brought down many a good stag in Scotland; but the pony and the sail are sacred. Surely their threatened loss should rouse our dullard brains and sluggish wills, even though all other arguments fall upon deafened ears.

Again, under the new order, what is to become of that at-

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tractive type of polished gentleman represented by the author of *Things I Remember?* During the last four decades of his life he spent practically every moment in High Society, now assisting at some fairy ball in New York, now devising some beautifully fantastic dinner, now enjoying some ducal country abode in England, frequently even conversing with King Edward himself. If ever any American learned to catch the fleeting glamour of luminous hours, or achieved the perfect repose and charm of Norman manners, it was my distinguished friend. But with all his fondness for the grandees of Europe, he never lost his love for his native land. Once, when he was lying ill of a fever at Beirut, " the sight of a ship in the harbor, flying the stars and stripes, the emblem of liberty," made him faint with joy. What could be more endearingly patriotic? Yet sneering journalists and even staid reviewers must jibe at him because he tells us proudly how his family cherished a cigar that had passed through the gracious hands of the Prince of Wales, or because he would make almost any sacrifice to meet an accredited representative of the *grand monde*. They not only deride such amiable qualities, but maintain that his idle luxury has been nothing less than a bane to his fellow-men.

But all this carping is due either to squint-eyed malignity or a plebeian failure to appreciate his attitude toward life. *À chacun son infini;* and our hero chose for his infinity the perfectly rounded social circle. Nor can those of us who remember his unfaltering devotion to smartness and the amenities of life easily forget that the world may never see his like again. Even the most enthusiastic advocate of the social revolution must admit that in the uniform soil of its levelling tendencies there would be no possibility of cultivating such a fine and beauteous flower of graceful personal development.

But if the noblest sports are to be followed into the all-devouring chasm by the highest types of social refinement, the world will become dull-hued and dreary beyond expression; and I for one demand that we rally to the standard of these finer things and fight till we win or die. The cup of life is none too sweet at the best, and it were infinitely better to dash it to the ground once for all than to see it embittered or defiled.

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VI

Omitting everything else, I must take time to utter a word of warning against some plausible generalities constantly adduced by our assailants. This may seem superfluous; but when I note the wealth and political prominence of some recent renegades from our cause, I cannot withhold my cry of danger.

Unfortunately it is easy to put an almost irresistible seductiveness or compelling logic into a specious plea for the rough mass of humanity or the humble individuals whereof it is constituted. Just the other day my eyes happened to light upon this epigram, written by an avowedly independent poet:

> "Momentous to himself as I to me
> Hath each man been that ever woman bore;
> Once, in a lightning flash of sympathy,
> I felt this truth, an instant, and no more."

But surely this emotion of a moment must imply an aberration from sanity of judgment. The dull lout working in a coal mine by a flickering light in his greasy cap, the brutish alien sweating before the clutching flames of a blast furnace, children with wasted bodies and drawn faces toiling by night in dreary factories, flat-breasted mothers bending half-blinded eyes over some pitiless sweatshop stint;—these creatures cannot be as important to themselves as a cultured gentleman of wealth and leisure to himself. The whole sensory and cogitative apparatus of the individual has had a different development. There is not the same physiological preparation in the nerve and brain cells for the enjoyment of pleasure or the estimation of one's place in the cosmos.

And yet I could wish the graceful poet had written I felt this *delusion,* or almost anything, rather than this *truth.* It is said that there are five or ten millions of human beings in this country suffering from poverty; and it would be horrible beyond endurance to believe, really and feelingly believe, that each individual among them is as important to himself as you and I to ourselves, as capable of pain and sorrow. If I admitted such a possibility even for a single moment, I fear I should resign my providen-

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tially inherited wealth to-morrow and seek some useful employment. We simply cannot, and must not, believe it.

However, the philanthropic faddist, the irresponsible socialist, and the radical labor agitator give us no rest. Worst of all, a large number of literary men have joined in the outcry. Up to a few months ago I thought that our most dangerous foes were men like Larkin and Mann and Debs; but to-day I realize I was wrong. The foes to be dreaded are the newspaper paragraphers, the magazine writers, the professors in our universities, the poets, the music makers and dreamers of dreams. When some rabid anarchist, or blathering syndicalist, attempts to justify the wanton destruction of a railway, a mine, or a factory, it is easy to answer him; but it is hard to deal with those visionaries who keep claiming a scientific basis for their hope of improvement, while they plead for the masses with all the moving emotional power of a sympathetic heart. They set before our eyes millions of human beings who toil through squalid days to end them in sordid grief. They tell us of men and women and children who never laugh, who do not even weep, who have no fear save of life, no hope save of death. Then they proclaim that you and I cannot escape responsibility for these grim-faced horrors, and repeat the ancient absurdity about my brother's keeper. Even the most charitable of our critics only grudgingly concede that there is some excuse for us because we, no less than our ill-starred fellows, are victims of the great error and crime called our social and economic system, being

> "Blinded by blindness of the world untrue
> That hideth love and maketh wrong of right."

But even so, they insist that we can and must aid the cause of betterment by not multiplying our material wants unnecessarily and by doing our best to introduce the elements of hope and pleasure into all the labor with which we have anything to do.

Fortunately the attractive and convenient word Socialism has been brought into disrepute in America by weird perversions and by the crimes of miscalculating extremists who take shelter under the name. But we dare not trust this happy development too confidently; for ideas and ideals have a most uncanny habit

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of rising above names. You and I must regard all of these socialistic dreams as baseless, or baneful; but there is a dangerously genuine ring in the appeal "to shatter material bonds that we may bind closer the bonds of the soul, to slough dead husks that we may liberate living forms, to abolish institutions that we may evoke energies." There is something that stirs the heart in the demand that we shall revere the miracle of life and the dignity of human nature, and in that reverence shall seek to raise even the lowest of mankind to such a height of physical comfort and intellectual development that they may live at a fine intensity both morally and æsthetically, and come to the end of their earthly days untroubled by fears of what may lie beyond. Unless you are on your guard, when these plausibilities beset your ears, you may find yourselves bewildered at times, and even wondering whether it is possible that under different conditions men might "find life a wondrous dream, and death the murmur of a restful stream."

Most insidious of all are the advocates who venture to declare that even such individuals as now constitute the richer privileged classes would be happier in the new dawn. They point out, for instance, that, as things are now, we cannot escape the flaunting misery about us, unless we are so utterly insensate that we are incapable of any higher pleasures than may be sought in sottishness or fleshly lust; and at the same time they affirm that we should find undreamed-of happiness, if we could pass our days among gladsome and lovesome human creatures suffering only the inevitable ills of humanity, "content in the presence of life to use it rightly and in the presence of death to know it for what it is." Or, again, they suggest that we might actually find a source of pleasure in toil, might learn what it means to become "happy and weary with work," as the thought is worded by one of their writers, who was both poet and handicraftsman.

Now these last pleas are fundamentally absurd; but they have this in common, that they represent an attempt to appeal to some implied selfishness in all the members of our class. In itself this line of approach is clever; for I suppose we are not much superior to other men in this respect. But it would ill become us to admit that we can be moved by anything save that fine

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traditional aristocratic altruism, handed down through the centuries, and so adequately expressed in the two immortal soul-challenging words, *noblesse oblige*.

VII

Herewith I must conclude, leaving a thousand compelling arguments unvoiced; for I know that people of our class are somewhat intolerant of sustained application. I have set forth feebly but zealously the dangers that compass you and me about, and, after indicating the principal features of the present crisis, have suggested a few typical remedies, insisting particularly on the necessity of discouraging the masses from making unreasonable demands upon life. And now I make one final appeal for concerted action. The welfare and happiness of our class, and therefore of all mankind, stand upon the razor's edge of Fate. We must unite, must unite to-day. Once united, we may rely upon our *esprit de corps* to work out our salvation, if we will only be true to our trust. But let there be no delay; for a little later will be over-late. In all the bitterness of my soul's agonized conviction I prophesy that if these democratic and socialistic perils are not faced and overcome by our generation, they will sweep over the world unchecked forever.

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IN YOCTANGEE

ANNA BARTRAM BISHOP

NEIGHBORING Indians call it the Land of Painted Water: where about the little islands, on far-reaching channels, on the broad inland sea, brilliant skies repeat their glory. Intensest blue flows around most vivid green. Sunset bands the west with orange and rose as limner would never dare. And dawn opens amazing auroral gates.

Battering winds play their part, laying siege to upstanding things with, as it were, great guns. Day and night the gale will blow, out of a clear or a cloudless sky, driving the water before in a wild tumult, bending the distracted trees to its will. Then in an hour it can sink away to the softest calm: and the stars come out, or the moon shines down.

There are, too, gentle pale days, when all the scene is wistful, and pensive odors of wood smoke float out from the distant mainland. Yet always it is so clearly the wilderness: nature's, not man's, home. We enter, we stay a while. But the wild life looks at us askance, bears with us only. As we go, an ineffable curtain slips down, shutting the untamed into its own again.

Who described joy as within our reach when happiness eludes us, because joy comes in such small parcels? Here it is beguiling to test the matter, to leave the spirit at ease, and to observe which impressions will surge up into joy.

As I step down between rocks into a tiny green dell the warm scents that live there mount to ravish me in a way denied to many great perfect moments. There is a certain glad intimacy of welcome. And joy possesses me. For an instant the world is quite forgot. Then when things have to be washed—handkerchiefs, towels, even a white garment—why is it a quick rapture to dip them clear in pellucid depths off the rocks, to hang them on a line for sun and wind to purify? I cannot tell. It is one more of joy's disproportionate occasions.

The effect of shadows I understand better. For shadow—of drifting cloud, of sunlit fir—is but another word for caress.

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It is a quiet tenderness, reaching from the inscrutable heart of things. And yet—at this moment the sky is perfectly blue, the channel also, stretching away in its careless peace. And lovely shadows are here. But, as I watch them, on the rocks of the nearest islands, they lengthen. Softly, yes: and steadily, inexorably; as on a dial marking the minutes off this shortening life of mine. A shadow, too, can be stern!

Hunting for berries and fish, the chief diversion in these wilds, is productive in unintended ways. For it entails exploring of islands and meditation on what appears there. The result is an intimate perception of the push behind organic things: and, later, a glimpse perhaps of that push's character.

The odds here against vegetation are enormous. Bareness of rocks, fierce winds, weight of snow and ice; how can sprouts withstand them? The tiny stalk rising from a mere thread of cleft; the small tree wedged by its upward efforts tight where rocks are but just apart: how valiant they seem. I looked at them as at heroes; and most admiringly wished them luck.

This luck, however, I come to find, is not in more sunlight, less storm. It is in permanent access to water. For there is no soil. What figures as such, massed in hollows, and in which small shrubs live, came after the trees. It is made up of their fallen needles and leaves, decomposed, on which moss has come to spread. High placed trees are really standing each over a crevice. Superficial roots may travel through the deeper débris. But main roots always get down through a crevice to water. Crevices are the trees' nursery in youth, their support in every sense in age. It is the crevice too which sustains the ribbons of green disposed over the solemn grey slopes. Without the crevice, without the seismic convulsions which tilted the strata to widen apart, these islands would be deserts of stone.

The crevice is actually an oasis: and after the manner of oases puts water in relief as the god of the machine. Water and the germ are, in such conditions, directly matched. Given both, alone, growth quite fatally results. The push, so marvellous in its strength, appears nakedly as an irresistible mechanism. Potential motion, the germ; added motion, water: an organism must

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develop, to its weal or woe. The drama of the rocks comments, so, the world at large. *La terre pullule.* Slight sapling, tender child, are you both victims?

Yesterday was Sunday: a cerulean day ending in an orange sunset so brilliant as to throw by contrast the evening waters into an always deeper ultramarine. In the afternoon two score or so of people came with dipping of oars to a little island in the midst for a service of hymn and prayer. A few musicians grouped themselves in a shady spot, before them stepped out the leader of the simple programme; the rest of us choosing as a seat this rock or that.

All was so gentle, so free, under the sky, swept by soft winds. Surely here were a chosen few, and religion a lovely thing. But a moral cloud was not slow to arise. A young minister—did his stalwartness quite belong to his cloth?—proceeded, in prayer, to call the deity's attention to the little favored of his children; less euphemistically, to his disinherited, so desperately numerous all up and down the earth. And at once the "intolerable antinomy" of a righteous God and this his world raised its fatal head. I wanted to raise an admonitory finger to say, Don't; don't expose these matters here. Don't bring your God and his tragedies face to face! But the petitioner's expression remained serene. I watched him curiously. He, at least, did not see.

An older man took up, as it were, the tale. Out of his fuller experience he let the world and its state alone: and asked merely for spiritual gifts. That was good Epictetian doctrine, fitting all sorts and conditions of men; and the atmosphere seemed calm again, and the waters blue, and the sunlight benign. "En pareil cas il faut rejeter toute raison, comme un baggage embarrassant, et s'élever sur les ailes de l'enthousiasme. Si l'on raisonne, on ne s'envolvera jamais."

Then as psalm and gospel and hymn continued to unroll their phrases strange associations stirred in my mind. "Thy humble servant"; "we implore thee"; "thy way, not mine, O Lord"; "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"; where did such language come from? Where but from prostration before an oriental despot: from propitiation, abjectness, actual and

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tragic? Our words ran straight to the blacker times when each society divided into a would-be superman and his slaves.

Fascinated, my inward eye put itself in promenade down the centuries, and found there another progress besides the familiar one of from gods to God: in fact, a progress from earthly to heavenly tyrant. I perceived the gradual retiring to the more conveniently distant skies of the sovereign power still needed in this still most fearsome world. I smiled a little at the new appearance that in this panorama certain parts of religious history put on. The episode of the Puritans, for example. Those admired moral heroes—could they be but especially stiff-necked subjects, determined to place their governor very far off? Then they could interpret his will. And their God was gloomy because they were: his severities issued from their own dark hearts. Never even in that most candid of biographies, the biography of Jehovah known as the Old Testament, did man make his God more evidently in his own image. It is picturesque, also, that the Puritans found intolerable the vicegerency of the pope: the Puritans, who each one, as his family, his community, had reason to know, was a vicegerent without let or hindrance himself.

Beware particularly, it has been said, of a tyrant in the skies. Not unadvisedly the Israelites, after an extensive course of prophet-justiciars, clamored for a king on the spot. And the victims of the Holy Office, Holy Wars, Witch-burnings, must have wished acutely that God were not too far off to speak for himself. Now and again, to be sure, a margin of discretion was allowed to divinity: as when, in an Albigensian pursuit, a slaughtering bishop was asked how to tell whom to kill. He replied, Kill all you can; the Lord will know his own.

But irony in such matters, though grown less poignant, has not by any means perished from the earth. What is the group of yesterday, so gracefully engaged in religious rites? What are we—theists, trinitarians—taken in the large connection that even the smallest things have? What but the remnant of a once world order? In the midst of a convincedly democratic civilization we proclaim ourselves by our religious phraseology, by the ordination vows of our clerics, to be spiritual monarchists, even

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spiritual despotists. We see society as the domain, in the last resort, of an absolute tyrant to whom our lives themselves may be properly forfeit. For six days in the week we insist on human rights, human liberty, human dignity. On the seventh we repair in companies to murmur, abjectly kneeling, Thy will be done.

And by way of adding to the grist of the discerning we are completely unconscious of the anomaly. Who can say that picturesqueness is a vanishing quantity? Never; while man is able to misunderstand. The greatest sights of the world have perhaps seldom to do with material things. They are the glimpses now and then to be obtained of, in the length of the ages, man's vast misapprehensions.

A formal garden is at its best when flanked by forest or the sea. And as a fillip to both the wilderness and the mediæval I bethought myself to bring books here that would confront them. So from "the vast pure visage of space," from the sound of great winds, I can turn to Gothic cathedrals, to ancient chronicles, written as it were in tapestry.

Their chief note here, I find, is high individualization: very welcome where nature and her impersonalities are in command. It is an interesting classification that divides artists into just two kinds, the masters and the children; dropping out all those between as "worshippers, not priests of the muses." The masters, I take it, arrive to a technique already developed: its ways marked, its general rules established. While the marvellous children appear to find a material to be conquered, even tools to prepare; all at their own sweet will. So that each one's work is instinct with this most intimate equation: and the resulting charm proves immortal. Great children will be loved as great masters are adored, forever.

Matched against these masses that also are stone the Gothic cathedrals seem direct products of the human soul: things that the soul once took inchoate into its depths and labored there and gave back, fashioned, to the objective world. Their suggestion is many facetted. First the attention is compelled by a view of all the years of their rising, when joy overspread them; the joy of artists discovering themselves in amazing arch or buttress,

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in the carving of saintly face, even of little, faithful leaf. Humor too had its course in the lively cutting of Bible tales, the sly portraiture of friend or foe, with naïveté coming in here and there like a child's smile among serious matters; while through every inch of the structure ran holy aspiration to make a fit home for the Blessed Lady.

Then comes the vision, at once splendid and touching, of the completed magnificence in full vitality: setting forth to people sadly deprived in this world the glories of another. The cathedral furnished to the numberless humble an escape into splendor from the dreariness of every day. Eyes were charmed and imaginations kindled in that jewelled gloom under soaring arches, before an altar dazzling through its incense veil, in the presence —so certain—of a god. For the mystic these things gathered indeed into an ecstasy that made "a handsome anticipation of heaven."

And now, when in the forward sweep of time their virtue has gone from them and their once almost pulsing life is no more? The great churches have not laid down their quality. They have but changed their significance. Circled by rushing industry or set lonely above a wide plain they stand, to move hearts more perhaps than ever, as the perfect reliquaries of man's most darling thought.

There are transliterated values: the sweet olive blossom smelling like the taste of a peach, the actual exaltation of music rising from dexterous description alone. It is such an experience I find in reading Joinville. From his pages arrives the sensation of looking at tapestry. I see the sloping perspective, the queer foreshortening: castle and river and mountain and sea all quite together and framed in.

The scene is drawn to inch scale. Joinville turning sad eyes resolutely away from his "biau chastel" as he leaves it to go crusading, is quickly embarked, at the further shore, back again. St. Louis distributes justice under a tree in the open near Paris; or he stays on a foundering ship to share the fate of his followers (the ship then reconsidering its going down); or in spite of years and harness he jumps into the waves to get more speedily at the

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paynims; or in sudden camp poses a question for his dearly loved argument.

The effect is partly a matter of the very old—or very young! —French. Joinville picks his steps among words still in the Latin, words emerging in Italian fashion, or in what was to be that of France. Such a language has small ability for universals. Besides, the chronicler was intent only on St. Louis, his valor and his piety. This earnestness and the infant tongue give a curious air of freshness, as if the scene were laid "in the morning of the world." Yet, as certain touches betray, many things were even then old in the fair land of France.

For example, the faith once delivered to the saints. As Ulysses' ship had its adventure with an island, so Joinville's encountered a mountain. That mountain simply would not be left behind. However the sailors worked, whatever nautical tricks were tried, there always, on right or left, stayed the mountain. At last a priest on board said that in his town spells had been broken by marching in religious procession on three Saturdays three times round it. "Samedis estoit; nous feismes la première procession entour les dous maz de la nef: je-meismes m'i fiz porter par les bras, pour ce que je estoie grief malades. Onques puis nous ne veismes la montagne, et venimes en Cypre le tiers samedi." A religion has lived some time among the multitude to gain just such a character.

Then too the social order was complex. Feudal dependence and personal rights were meticulously marked out. There could be no settling it for one's self. St. Louis once ordered son and son-in-law to sit very near him "pour ce que on ne nous oie." "Ha! sire, firent-il, nous ne nous oseriens asseoir si près de vous." St. Louis reproved them for their assertiveness, and bade them never do so again. "Et il dirent que non feroient-il."

In true mediæval fashion the little world lay directly under the eye of heaven. "Biaus Sire Diex, gardez-moy ma gent!" "Il li dist que il en savoit bien nouvelles, car estoit certeins que ses frères li cuens d'Artois estoit en paradis." Even St. Louis' fine taste in argument generally turned upward. "Seneschaus," he would say, to Joinville, "would you rather be a leper or do a mortal sin?" "Et je, qui onques ne li menti, li respondi que je

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en ameroie miex avoir fait trente que estre mesiaus." Whereupon St. Louis elaborated the matter to him. But Joinville does not record being convinced.

The account of the "petiz venz," so little that they could be only menaces of God, is of the finest delicacy; and shows the king as rising high above his kingship: a curious and a pretty thing. Robert de Sorbon was usually Joinville's opponent in the forensic frays. St. Louis had a fancy for *maistre* Robert in which Joinville did not take part: apparently because Sorbon was lately arrived from *le lie du peuple*. On occasion Joinville could even sharply reprove him: "mais vous faites à blamer; car vous estes fiz de vilain et de vilainne, et avez lessié l'abit vostre père et vostre mère, et estes vestus de plus riche camelin que li roys n'est."

But in spite of crowns and dignities and feudal forms the atmosphere is patriarchal: and another feature is added to the delectable confusion of primitive and effete, of the intelligent and the hopelessly absurd.

This morning I caught the earliest shadows on my pines: looking so deliciously secret up there, among the still, light-flushed tops, as if saying very softly, We should not be here yet, so soon——

But the great north winds are sweeping down now. Autumn is closing in: in a barbaric magnificence of color. Not the reddening of leaf and spray. That is for a milder land. Here the gorgeousness is in the play of light over immense spaces alone. Virginally empty skies fill the days with azure. It is a time of splendid noons. From a high sunny rock I can gaze out over enchanted emerald islands, set in an enchanted turquoise sea. Sunsets flame with clear brilliance. And above the broad bands of crimson and yellow, out over the ether only, a tide of rose rises, and mounts, and spreads, till almost the zenith is in its embrace; and the far north, and the south. Then the moon comes to turn the eastern waters to blue-grey sheen. While, presently, it is night, of silvered dark.

And I, as I feel in the midst of these elemental amplitudes, I am drawn by an immense longing to go forth with the winds,

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with the light. To throw off at a single gesture the harness of habit, and commit myself to freedom and the world before I die. Even how superb to die, quite careless where! Far off—how they haunt me—are ships riding at anchor. On one of them I could be off to the ends of the earth. My fight is finished. Now I would swing out—unfettered, exultant—toward everything that is grand or fair: toward a familiarity with the globe as such that would end in echoing the Chinese sage who asked, With the empyrean for my home, what mean you by roaming?

The world is subjected by minimizing needs. Life would indeed be my servant when, my necessities reduced to health's necessities alone, I took the way. But when fortune invites too late? When habit has gone deep almost as life: when the nerves balk, and fear usurps the overlordship which properly belongs to death alone? Well! those ships will never see me. The fair dream is a dream; no more.

Yet intensive living remains. The spirit can make a career of its own. There are lofty roads of thought to travel, values endlessly to discriminate. So that it happens, sometimes, that a man of one street is found one day to have attained: to be, in poise and wide horizons, not so much poorer than the gods.

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THE DRAMA AND MORALITY

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

[*Note:* On January 12 last, the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, a well-known organization of university men and women, held a symposium on "Morality and the Drama." The president of the club, Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Professor of Semitic Languages at the University of Pennsylvania and author of *Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens,* etc., introduced the subject by a brief sketch of the connection between the stage and religion from primitive to present times. Professor George P. Baker, who is the author of *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist,* and whose chair at Harvard is that of English Drama, blamed the public for patronizing the lower forms of musical comedy, and declared for dramatic freedom so long as the dramatist was moved by a moral purpose. Francis Wilson, the actor, spoke from the point of view of his profession and advocated the liberation of the theatre from private management. Miss Agnes Repplier, the essayist and author of *Compromises,* stood for conventional morality and a return to what she called the old fashions in plays. Mr. Kauffman, who is the author of various novels, including *The House of Bondage,* had been invited to Philadelphia to defend the dramatic representation of the seamy side of life. This is his address, amplified to meet the arguments of Miss Repplier and one or two volunteer speakers, and slightly altered for magazine publication.]

I CAN imagine but one reason why anybody should want from me an opinion concerning the relations of morality to the drama. That one reason lies in the fact that, if I express any such opinion from within and not from without, I am sure to be speaking from what, to all students of the subject, is a virgin hinterland. For I believe that conventional morality is the shifting product of shifting environment, which will prove to most moralists that I am innocent of morality; and I was once upon a time a newspaper's dramatic critic, which demonstrates to all the world (and I cannot blame it!) that I have always been ignorant

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of the drama and must always remain so. I fancy, therefore, that what is wanted of me is the view of the man who leaves before the collection, the view of the man in the gallery.

If I am indeed that man, I am ready to express his view. Both in the science of playmaking and in the art of ethics I am gladly a Philistine, no closer to the stage than a scene-shifter and as far from the church as a sexton. On the one hand, it is long since I have opened Augustine and Ambrose, Cumberland or Locke; I recall Shaftesbury chiefly through Matthew Arnold's reference; Whewell and the intuitionists I have quite forgotten, and last evening was almost the first evening since 1900 that I took my Paley and Helvetius, Comte and Kant from their sadly dusty shelves. On the other hand, I am probably the only person among you that has not had any ambition to write a play; and I am quite certain that I have read less dramatic criticism than any of you: years ago I read Scribe and guessed that Scribe was already old-fashioned; last year I read William Archer's *Playmaking,* and found in it no rules that would not be broken by common sense and Granville Barker. I think that these are special qualifications.

Now to their application:

On every street-corner we are being warned that there is something wrong with the American Drama; and the Contemporary Club, fearlessly surmising that there is such a thing as an American Drama, has listened to the voice of the charmer—to the voice of that mildest of charmers, Mr. William Winter; has decided that the trouble lies in the Drama's improper relations with morality, and has determined to right the wrong. I would not be understood as accepting Mr. Winter's diagnosis as the correct one: our amateur-actor friends, for instance, assure us that the seat of disease is to be found among the professional players; asseverate that recovery can be effected only by patronizing amateur performances, and never hesitate to inquire whether the benefit of a cure will be worth the pains of such a treatment—but I do assume, and I think safely, that Mr. Winter's dictum is the more widely received.

Dedicated to Juno, Mr. Winter is the chief of those anatoid creatures whose hisses have awakened the guardians of our dra-

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matic Capitol. In a special article in a recent issue of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* an article for which I hasten to explain that I do not hold *The Ledger* responsible, Mr. Winter has issued those hisses which seem to provide the chief reason for our being here to-night. There, in two columns of effort to stem the dirty tide of modernity, he has built a dam of more dirty words than can be found in all the plays that he wants to check. "The American Theatre," he begins, "is decadent." He says that it is certainly going to perdition. To be sure, he said the same thing, with the same certainty, in 1904, and, so far as I know, had been saying it long before and has been saying it ever since. It may seem to some of us that he might vary the note and say that the American Theatre has at last reached its destination. The point with me is simply that, if you will turn to the files of the London newspapers for 1889, you will find the same sentiments, expressed in much the same language, about the theatre in general—and that occasion was no less than the now famous Charrington-Achurch production of *A Doll's House!*

Much the same language, but not quite: the American dredge digs deeper. Mr. Winter comments on his findings with the gusto of a vice-commission. He talks of "greedy ministrants of gross sensuality," "unscrupulous panderers to folly," "a slimy sea of vulgarity," "pestiferous crews of faddists," and "noxious trash." Our old friend "morbid curiosity"—a phrase that cub-reporters were forbidden to use because it was hackneyed when I was a cub-reporter in Philadelphia, sixteen years ago—is dear to him; he actually describes *Damaged Goods* as "a repulsive composition of tedious indelicacy and utterly superfluous colloquies about loathsome disease"; he delights, of course, in that blessed word "odoriferous"; and he has a perfectly splendid time with "putrescent influences."

To-night Miss Repplier is the protagonist for things-as-they-used-to-be, and things-as-they-used-to-be are fortunate in securing an advocate more delicate and less verbose than "the Dean of American Dramatic Critics." Miss Repplier's admirable gift for phrase decorates even her thesis. She is as authentic as *Bartlett's Quotations;* she possesses to a marked degree the invaluable asset of an unshakably made-up mind, and she is a mistress of

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that most popular of the arts: the art of telling us delightfully what we have all along believed.

Nevertheless, I disagree with two portions of Miss Repplier's argument. She divided her address into two portions, and those are the two portions that I disagree with.

"Art," Miss Repplier well says, "is not photography out of focus": nor is art, I answer, intellectual myopia. Her romantic nature decoys her to the declaration that many sins have been committed in the name of realism—as many, it would seem, as Mme. Roland charged against the name of Liberty—but I should like to ask her whether realism is less blood-guilty than romance. "The merit of the writer," she pointedly remarks, "lies not only in the treatment, but also in the selection of subject"—in reply to which I would refer her to Mr. Winter and his selection. She criticises Henri Bataille's *Diagnosis* as untrue to life, and yet her whole plea is that art should not be true to life.

On its moral side, Miss Repplier's argument seems to me scarcely more stable. How can it be true at the same time that "the method of the stage to-day is to exploit the sins of the vicious for the entertainment of the virtuous" and that "the stage to-day makes sin unattractively dull"? Call me new-fashioned as much as you choose, I wonder if the old-fashioned folk really thought it wrong to make sin unattractive. Unattractive they never did make it; but I wonder if they had sufficiently the courage of their convictions to condemn the man who did. Miss Repplier has suggested as her own remedy for our stage that she dramatize *The Rollo Books* and cast as the edifying "Jonas" the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, whose father wrote them. That would be a play which none of us would want to miss, and though I will not say that I know nobody better fitted for its making than Miss Repplier, I will say that the result ought to suit the disciples of Mr. William Winter.

In one phrase, then, your contention is: "We must not put the seamy side of life on the stage." But what do you mean by "the seamy side"? Do you mean the Seven Deadly Sins? Do you mean Pride? Covetousness? Lust? Anger? Gluttony? Envy? Sloth? From the days of Athens to the present day, all of these sins have been put upon the stage in plays that you

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approve. Do you mean "unpleasant" plays? If so, what one of the Greek tragedies is "pleasant"? Do you mean plays with a "purpose"? But *Hamlet* is a play with a purpose: the purpose of showing the curse of a weak will. *Othello,* which I am told used to be forbidden the undergraduates at Bryn Mawr College on the ground that it had to do with miscegenation, is a play with a purpose: the purpose of showing the ugliness of jealousy. *The School for Scandal* is more purpose than play, and Mr. Masefield, the greatest tragic dramatist of our time, has confessed that he had a distinct purpose in writing his *Nan,* although he totally failed to make his earlier audiences perceive it.

I take it, then, that what you mean by "the seamy side of life" is simply Truth: we may show sin so long as we show it sentimentally; we may even show poverty so long as we do not show it truthfully. In other words, we must be "artistic," and by "artistic" you mean allegiance to a conventional form: we have got to make our plays according to tradition.

Now, there are only two ways in which to look at the drama, as there are only two ways in which to regard any form of art—so far Miss Repplier was implicitly right. You may regard art from the truly artistic point of view, or you may regard it from the truly moral. Do not fear that I propose to revive that ancient discussion, beloved of the rural-debating society, of the relative merits of the two ways; I believe that neither an artistic nor a moral reason of any validity can be advanced against using the drama—or for that matter, any other art-form—for the exposition of the truth about life.

Let us concede that the art of the drama as dogmatized by Scribe was well enough for his day. I am of those who believe with G. B. S. that nothing worse ever happened to the drama than the appearance of that Frenchman who did for play-making what Offenbach did for Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; but it is possible to grant that Scribe expressed the artistic aridity of his own time. What I insist upon is that our time is not Scribe's; that the art of his age will simply not do for the artistic conscience of ours; and if you ask me for evidence of this, I have but to point to Scribe and his followers on the one hand, and on the

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other to Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Granville Barker, Bernard Shaw and John Masefield.

"New facts," said Lewis E. Gates, one of Professor Baker's most distinguished colleagues, "new facts and ideas have been pouring into the national consciousness from the physical sciences during the last half century, tending to transform in countless subtle ways man's sense of his own place in the universe, his ideas of brotherhood, of justice, of happiness, and his orientation toward the Unseen. The half-mystical control that has of late years been won over physical forces, the increased speed with which news flies from country to country, the cheap and swift modes of travel from land to land which break down the barriers between the most widely diverse civilizations—all these causes are reacting continually upon the life of the spirit, are stirring men's minds to new thoughts and new moods, and developing in them new aptitudes and new powers."

To talk in 1914 of a Scribe play with its *scène à faire,* its "progressive development," its "big" act—its whole body and soul predetermined and, like Marley, "dead to begin with"—this is like beating the drum of a Celtic revival, or shouting in the Quirinal for a restoration of the dynasty of the Tarquins.

The new art is an established fact. To-day the purpose of the genuine artist is not to amuse; it is to interpret life truly. It is the artist's business, as Bernard Shaw says of Brieux, "to pick out the significant incidents from the chaos of daily happenings and arrange them so that their relation to one another becomes significant, thus changing us from bewildered spectators of a monstrous confusion to men intelligently conscious of the world and its destinies. This," Mr. Shaw declares, "is the highest function that man can perform—the greatest work that he can set his hand to." And he concludes:

"If the critics are wrong in supposing that the formula of the well-made play is not only an indispensable factor in play-writing, but is actually the essence of the play itself . . . what must happen to their poor formula when it impertinently offers its services to a playwright who has taken on his supreme function as the Interpreter of Life? Not only has he no use for it; but he must attack and destroy it; for one of the very first lessons he has

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to teach a play-ridden public is that the dramatic conventions on which the formula proceeds are all false, and are doing incalculable harm in these days when everybody reads romances and goes to the theatre. Just as the historian can teach no real history until he has cured his readers of a romantic delusion that the greatness of a queen consists in her being a pretty woman and having her head cut off, so the playwright . . . . can do nothing with his audiences until he has cured them of looking at the stage through the keyhole and sniffing round the theatre as prurient people sniff round the divorce courts."

And yet, in spite of all this, once more the voice of the turtle is heard in the dramatic land. It is calling for the revival of a dead art-form, for the resurrection of a decomposed prettiness. It wants the artificial play of Scribe, it wants false plays and pleasant plays—plays that pretend to harrow and excite the audience, when they are all the while sworn, and known to be sworn, to a foregone conclusion. It is like the madman who beats his head with a club and says that he enjoys it, "because, you see, it makes me feel so good when I stop."

In reality, this is the survival of a very simple and primitive, almost a savage, state of mind. A mind in this state lacks the social sense and fears to acquire it; wants not to be driven, but diverted. It is the heroine of Henry James's *Glasses:* beautiful and blind, and blind because she *would* be beautiful. If its emotions are to be aroused, it demands that they be aroused over some persons or situations so far removed from its person and its situation that, when the performance is at an end, it may solace itself with the cry of Judge Brack:

"People don't do such things!"

What emotions are aroused, this sort of mind wants quieted definitely and pleasantly. It is even opposed to every play that does not end with every mystery explained and every character finally disposed of. The placid, easy-going intelligence—if intelligence it may be called—has been awakened to an interest in the destinies of several persons. It does not credit the dramatist or the actor with awakening it; it feels rather that it has awakened itself; and it is indignant if it is left at the last curtain in any horrid uncertainty about what ultimately happened to everybody

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concerned. It complains that this modern dramatist "doesn't get you anywhere"; it waxes angry through unwilling imaginings as to whether the creature of a certain author opened the door upon a lady or a tiger; and, first, last and all the time, it is against the telling of the modern truth.

To this the modern artist has but one answer: Art is the truthful interpretation of life. You may say that my play "doesn't get you anywhere." Well, so far as anything ultimate is concerned, Life never gets you anywhere. Life itself, by all human measurements, has practically no end at all. Lives end, but Life goes ruthlessly and triumphantly forward. Every individual's human pilgrimage is a journey over a crust that covers endless depths and unfathomable mysteries, and at his journey's end each of us must open for himself a door with possibilities not at all unlike the doors in Mr. Stockton's famous story. To lie to you about your journey is not art. To guess what follows is not art. To entangle your steps and send you down false ways is not art. Art is to make the truth of here-and-now dramatically and movingly clear to you.

But if it is artistic truthfully to interpret life, is it moral?

About the conventional definition of "morality" I have already said one word. Now I had better say another: I care very little for it. My attitude toward it is that of the young woman whose mother discovered her on a bench in Hyde Park, embraced by a man.

"Sarah!" cried the mother, "I am surprised at you. Tell that young man to take his arm from around your waist instantly!"

"You'd better tell him yourself," said the daughter. "'E's a perfect stranger to me."

Let me explain that I am making no plea for the exalting of one side of life at the expense of another. There are beauty and joy, romance and humor in life, and Heaven forbid that there should not be humor and romance, joy and beauty in literature and the drama. But the field of art is *all* life. Art as a whole must express life as a whole, and as pain and poverty, disease, wrong and death, play their tremendous parts on the stage of the world, so they must play them on the stage of art.

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Not so many years ago the critics were telling us that the novel-with-a-purpose was an impossibility. They pointed to *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* to *The Annals of a Sportsman* and to *It's Never Too Late to Mend* as proof of their assertion. But the novel-with-a-purpose has survived in spite of these critics and in spite of the examples that they cited. It has survived because it has grown up. It has won its final form. It is no more a single cell; it is now a microcosm. The author of a problem-novel is no longer a general practitioner writing a prescription, as Dr. Francis Hovey Stoddard has put it; he is the scientist in the laboratory searching out the causes of life and death. Where Charles Kingsley and Charles Reade proposed a patent remedy, a Zola or an Arnold Bennett merely sets down, in narrative form, the record of an inspired investigation.

What is there true of the novel is here true of the play. Again to refer to Mr. Shaw, the elder dramatists sometimes ridiculed and exposed persons, professions or types, and left their audiences free to go home thanking God that they were not as other men; the modern dramatist, as in the case of Witter Bynner and his powerful *Tiger,* always ridicules and exposes Civilization and sends you away with a sense that you are in part to blame for "What's Wrong with the World."

The smug Anglo-Saxon mind complains: "We have so much sorrow, sin, poverty and disease all about us; give us something that will amuse us and make us forget these realities." Could any plea be baser? It is the plea of those whom Isaiah denounces: "which say to the seers, see not; and to the prophets, prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits."

If it is right to tell the truth, is the stage the right place to tell it? If it is right to tell the truth, every place is the right place to tell it. One of the first justifications of the great drama of modern times is the fact that it does disturb; that it does uncover sorrow, sin, poverty, diseases and dirt; that it does show us the evils to which our eyes have been too long closed. If it interprets life truthfully and dramatically, it is art; and if its interpretation enlists us in the fight against life as it is, it is moral. For the modern artist, the two things are one, because the modern artist is a revolutionist.

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THE SENUSSYEHS

ACHMED ABDULLAH

DURING recent years public opinion has shown a sporadic interest in pan-Islamic propaganda and ambitions, and in the part which the so-called Senussyehs are supposed to take in this world-wide Muslim intrigue. The Italian occupation of a part of Tripoli is said to have sharpened this danger to European and Christian dominion in North Africa. A good many fables and fairy-tales have been woven around this order, the Senussyehs, by European and American travellers, journalists and writers of fiction; and so, being myself a member of this dervish organization, I would like to rectify some of the misconceptions under which this lodge suffers and to make a few explanatory remarks about it, its founder, history, object and future.

The "Senussyeh" order was founded in the year 1835 (the year 1250 of the Hegira) by Si Mohammad ben-Senussyeh el-Khettabi el-Hassani el-Idrissi el-Madjahiri, who was afterwards known under the shorter name of Sheykh-Senussyeh. He was born in the year 1791 (the year 1206 of the Hegira) near Mostar'anem, in the douar of Thorch, the province of Ouled-Sidi-Youssef, Morocco. He belonged to the Arab tribe of the Ouled Sidi Abd-Allah ben-el-Khettabi el-Madjahiri, a tribe long established in a territory belonging to the mixed community of Hillil.

Like all the families of the Ouled Sidi Abd-Allah, his family claimed descent from the Prophet, and thus they belonged to the "shareefs," the only nobility which the Arabs recognize, and which the Indian and Afghan Muslim call Syyeds. He claimed descent from the Prophet through Fatima's son, Hassan, and being also a direct descendant of Idris, founder of the reigning Moroccan dynasty, he added to his family names the qualifications el-Hassani and el-Idrissi. In spite of his middle name Senussyeh, he had no connection with the tribe of the Benni-Senuss who live near Tlemćen; nor was he any relation to the great Master-Sufi of the fifteenth century, Si Mohammad ben-

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Yussef ben-Amerben Chaib es-Senussyeh, a famous saint and scholar of the Middle Ages. The surname Senussyeh is a very ordinary one in the region which lies to the west of Algeria.

He showed remarkable talents at an early age and his father, being a wealthy and cultured Arab gentleman, sent him to the best schools of his native land, those at Mostar'anem, Mazoona and Mascara, and there he studied under famous professors whose lengthy names are household words to Muslim.

Soon he acquired a local reputation as a grammarian, a theological commentarian, and a student of Koranic law; but after a quarrel with his stepbrother, who insulted him, he left his native land at the age of thirty and went to Fez, where he remained seven years and where he studied under the leading savants of Morocco, always making a specialty of theology and Koranic jurisprudence. He acquired a great reputation and was honored by Mulay Soliman, the reigning Emperor of Morocco. But he was never much of a courtier, the gay life and the frivolities of Fez did not please him, and so he left and started on pilgrimage to Meccah late in the winter of 1829. He spent a long time on his way to the Holy Places of Arabia, visiting all the famed universities and teachers on his way through North Africa. Already, while at Fez, he had joined three dervish lodges and on his way to Meccah he was initiated into many more, finally acquiring the degree of Master-Sufi and passing through the ordeal of fire. He remained some time at Laghuat, where he taught grammar and jurisprudence. At Messaad he received as a present a woman of the Ouled Tuaba, by the name of Menna bent-si-Mehmet ben-Abderrahman, whom he married and divorced soon afterwards. He remained seven months at Ben-Saada, where he taught and lectured. It was at the time of the first French expedition into Algeria.

Slowly he crossed North Africa, teaching his craft and proclaiming his faith, and he made a great name for himself as a scholar and expounder of the Koran. Finally he reached Egypt.

He had made many friends on his long travels, friends and admirers who helped him afterwards when he launched his first pan-Islamic propaganda. He left a record of this in his magnificent book *Fahrasa.*

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He did not like Cairo and made many enemies amongst the high ecclesiastics of Egypt. His teachings were both mystical and puritanical and greatly shocked the leading theologians of Cairo. One of them, the Sheykh el-Hanniech, publicly denounced him as a charlatan, an unbeliever and a heretic, and anathematized him in the most opprobrious terms. His foes even tried to poison him, and so, after a miraculous escape, he left Egypt; and to his dying day he hated Egypt and the Egyptians.

Finally he completed his pilgrimage, and at Meccah he took for "cheria" (teacher of external matters of the Faith) the mufti of Meccah, Mulay Abd-el-Hafeedh, a savant and poet of no mean distinction. His religious Sheykh or teacher was Si Mohammad ben-Idriss el-Fassy, a famous theologian and dervish, and Grand Master of the lodge of the Khadinyas.

He was initiated into the mysteries of this ancient lodge and became the Grand Master's devoted and intimate friend and pupil. Shortly after his initiation, dervish intrigue forced the Grand Master to leave Meccah, and el-Senussyeh followed him into exile. Always he extolled the greatness of el-Fassy, and the purity and wisdom of the Khadinya. On el-Fassy's death el-Senussyeh and Si Mohammad Salah el-Megherany disputed about the spiritual heritage of their common teacher, and thus the order split into two rival camps. El-Senussyeh and his followers returned to Meccah, where he founded his first zaouia (theological school), and where he taught until the year 1843. But his doctrines were too intransigeant, too inflexible for the frivolous inhabitants of Meccah; the leading theologians were afraid of him because his personality overshadowed theirs; the politicians feared him as a dangerous and incorruptible opponent; and so he was finally forced to leave Meccah.

A ripe and learned man, famous, strong mentally and physically, he returned to Africa and there he commenced his real life-work. At al-Beida he founded a zaouia which was destined to become the cradle of his greatness. Pupils flocked to him from all over Africa and Asia, and he wrote many books which to-day are classics wherever Islam reigns. Rapidly his establishment grew in size and power, expanding in all directions, and so he built zaouias all over Tripoli, Southern Tunis, Morocco,

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Egypt, in Arabia, R'at, R'adames, Insalah, and in the Touat country, even in the land of the Touaregs and the far Soudan. He gradually became the veritable sovereign of all this immense territory; even the strange negro kingdoms of mysterious Central Africa were peacefully conquered by his mokkhadems, or missionaries. Wherever he sent his emissaries they converted. Islam was expanding, expanding rapidly all over Africa, and there was never a rifle fired, never a sword drawn, never a drop of blood spilt.

The organization of his lodge was powerful and simple, his discipline just and rigorous, his teachings keen and clear, his interpretations of the Koran profound and wise. But he always remained a strict orthodox.

And he grew in power and influence.

The Sultan feared him, him who had no army and no weapons; Meccah intrigued against him; and the Ulemas of Stamboul, Egypt and Morocco spoke of excommunicating him. Thus, being always a man of peace, he left the Djebel-Lakhdar to establish his headquarters as far away from his enemies as possible, to recede further into the mysterious heart of Central Africa. Accordingly he went south and founded a new central zaouia at Djar-Berb, five days' march across the desert from the oasis of Syouah.

From there he largely increased his missionary activity amongst the negroes of the South. He freed thousands of black slaves, educated them at his zaouia, and sent them back to their own lands to preach the gospel of Islam.

There he died in 1859. A splendid mausoleum covers his mortal remains, an object of veneration and pilgrimage for all True Believers.

El-Senussyeh was an intellectual giant who founded a genuine theocratic government, absolutely independent from the Padishah, the Khedive, and the Shareef of Meccah. He was helped in his work by some remarkable men, chiefly by Si Abdallah Sunni and Si el-Hadj Ahmed el-Touati. But his favorite pupil was Si Abdallah, also a Touati, whom he had destined to become his spiritual and secular successor. Si Abdallah el-Touati died in 1851, and so the mantle of succession fell on the shoulders

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of his eldest son, Si el-Mahdi ben-Si-Mohammad ben-Si-Ali ben-Si-Snoussah. He is the present Grand Master, whom the Europeans call Sheykh-Senussyeh and whom we Muslim call Sheykh el-Mahdi.

El-Senussyeh built well and strongly; for nothing has changed since his death, his spiritual lessons as well as his political lessons are what they were at the foundation of his first zaouia.

The doctrines which the Senussyehs preach and practise are practically identical with those of the early Sufis. They are neither innovators nor are they exactly reformers; they are not narrow-minded Muslim Presbyterians like the Wahhabis of Arabia. They preach the observance of the Covenant, the "Primitive Contract," which is the same as the lessons of the Koran and of the Sonna, cleansed of all latter-day innovations and heresies. They simply advocate a return to the Koran, to early Sufiism . . . and to the "Imamat."

And there's the rub . . . in the very meaning of the word Imamat. For under it Muslim theology understands nothing less than a theocracy embracing all True Believers, a pan-Islamic theocracy; and since the establishment of the Imamat is the third great demand of the Senussyehs, Pan-Islam is really their gigantic and splendid ambition. Therefore we can understand why not only the secular Governments of established Muslim dynasties, but also those European countries who have Muslim subjects, are a little nervous when they hear the name Senussyehs.

Yet the Senussyehs wish for no violence, no bloodshed, no revolution. They are intelligent, slow, sincere and very peaceful, and to realize their ambitions they prefer to advance slowly, calmly and coldly, without evident force, without haste, without impatience . . . but also without compromises of any sort. They do not wish to engage in political duels or imbroglios with Muslim or Christian Governments. Their aims are high, but they only claim to be the thin end of the wedge . . . but a wedge made of unbreakable steel. They have no fear of war, for since they never soil their hands with revolts or intrigues, there is never any pretext for attacking them or invading their land.

They simply wish to regenerate Islam spiritually. They

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work for the greater glory of Allah, and so, mildly and unobtrusively, they are building a barrier across Africa, from West to East . . . a little danger signal for the Christians.

They hold themselves aloof from all politics, I repeat; and yet they are reputed to be the most dangerous political factor, not only in Africa but throughout the entire Near East. Is there any justification for this reputation? Are the Turks, the Egyptians, the French and, in a minor degree, the British afraid of a bugaboo? I wonder. I cannot answer this question. I can only put down a few facts picked at random:

Everything has a religious object with the Senussyehs; Allah alone is their Master. They keep along the straight and simple line of the Koran, without violence, without deviations, without compromises. They never barter, they never agitate; they simply teach religious lessons, establish schools and lodges, and incidentally convert millions of pagan Africans to the faith of Islam.

They have no arsenals, no armies, in spite of the mad fairy tales of the panicky European press. They do not wish for war. They do not proclaim the Jehad.

In 1872, and at least three times since then, German emissaries tried to intrigue with the Sheykh-Senussyeh, offering arms and ammunition, asking him to declare a Holy War against the French. But the German envoys never even saw the Sheykh face to face: they were kindly received and got a polite but forceful "No" for their answer.

During the Russo-Turkish War, the Sultan so far humbled himself as to implore their aid; but he received the same answer as the Germans.

So did the false Mahdi, he whom Kitchener smashed and punished. So did and still does the Mad Mullah of Somaliland; so did the Italians when they asked the help of the lodge to help them to undermine French prestige in Tunis, so did Arabi Pashah, and Kamal Pashah, and the Nationalist party of Egypt.

Thus the record of the lodge is clean, and it seems clear that the Imamat which is their ambition does not countenance war. And yet the Colonial Secretaries of France and England and Italy are very nervous. They see a Senussyeh intrigue at the back of every African revolt. But there are no proofs; there is

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never a compromising letter found, never a secret agent arrested. Even the cleverest intelligence officers of France and England stand in front of a sphinx.

And the Senussyehs laugh and speak the truth: they disapprove of violence, and simply preach to every Muslim who has ears to listen; and they preach peaceful lessons about Allah's omnipotence and the greatness of Mohammad's Faith. How can such peaceful lessons contain the germs of intrigue and revolution? I am a guileless Oriental, and so I leave it to the all-knowing Christians to find the answer for this riddle.

The order has 64 affiliated lodges, and has itself nearly 200 zaouias, all directed from headquarters. Many Muslim travel there to see the Sheykh and they are all rigorously examined and questioned. Once in a while a Christian or a Jew finds his way to the capital of the Senussyeh lodge and is always well received, though he never seems to be able to find out what he came to find out. But that must be the fault of his own blindness.

The Senussyehs send delegates all over the world, peaceful men of learning who preach the Message of the Prophet. They call their territory el-Djouf, and the capital is now at Beled-el-Koufra, a fifteen days' ride from Ben-Ghazni.

They call their order the Trikat-el-Mohammedia, and all the members call each other brother. The lodge has four degrees. The highest degree is the degree of eminent science, called the mendjteheds, and their grand-master at present is the Sheykh Si Mohammad er-Rifi. All the mendjteheds are eminent savants and theologians. The second degree includes famous scholars, poets, and literati, all coming from Maghreb, Tunis and Algeria, and nearly all shareefs in rank. The third degree embraces all those other members of the lodge, Arabs, Touaregs, Berbers and a dozen other races, who know the Koran and who possess some scientific knowledge and some ideas of jurisprudence.

Like the Wahhabis, the Senussyehs do not smoke, their dissipations being tea and perfumes. There are no poor people amongst them, and they allow neither hermits, would-be saints nor filthy fakirs in their country. They love simple pleasures and, like most Orientals, adore good jokes and funny songs. They speak Tunisian Arabic, dress extremely well and often a

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little foppishly in the Tunisian style, and trade with the Soudan, Egypt, Central Africa, and the Touat country.

Since the days of Livingstone they have rapidly spread Islam throughout Central Africa. Now they are working south, and the Christian missionary has absolutely no chance against them. They simply laugh and proceed with their work. They know that Africa is for Mohammad: even the sons of those negroes whom the English and American missionaries converted are to-day embracing Islam in ever-increasing numbers.

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GERMANY AND MILITARISM

OTTO D. TOLISCHUS

GERMANY and militarism have become synonymous. They were never more so than since the last year. For on the 30th of June, 1913, the German Reichstag passed, though only by a majority of one, the new armament bill, the rumor of which alone was sufficient to put the world in the greatest discomfort, cause hurried Cabinet meetings, secret conferences, and also a tremendous amount of vituperative literature.

To some extent the commotion was justified. The law is in many respects the most remarkable piece of legislation passed in Germany during the last few decades. It adds to the German army 136,000 men, officers and privates, making its peace strength 790,000 men. The total of the armed forces of Germany, including the sailors and marines, is thus raised to 870,000 men. Together with the reserves, Germany could soon put in the field in case of necessity—and without exhausting her total stock—a host of over 5,000,000 well-organized men, most of them trained soldiers.

In comparison with these tremendous figures, the increase seems small; but still it equals the whole army and navy of the United States. A better idea of what it means may be gained by translating it into dollars and cents. The mere establishment of this added force, which will be completed by 1916, involves an expenditure of about $322,000,000.* After this date its maintenance will add to the present military budget an annual amount of $50,000,000.† And already claims are being made that these estimates are far too low.‡

But the extraordinary feature of this legislation lies not so much in the increase itself, remarkable as it is in a time of peace; rather it lies in the way in which the money is to be raised. Only shortly before this new expenditure was proposed, the Govern-

* *Frankfurter Zeitung*, March 29, 1913.
† *Zeitschrift für die gesamte Staatswissenschaft*, Jan. 14.
‡ *Annalen für soziale Politik, und Gesetzgebung*, Jan. 14.

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ment had failed to float a loan of $100,000,000 in Prussian treasury notes. It is true that this failure was largely due to the unfavorable market conditions in the beginning of last year, and not to a serious impairment of the Government's credit; yet a similar fate threatened any new attempts to borrow. In consequence some very drastic measures were proposed and enacted—measures which heretofore found their only justification in the exigencies of war.

About $250,000,000 of the initial expenditure of $322,000,000 are to be raised by a special non-recurring levy upon fortunes and incomes. Fortunes above $2,500 are to be taxed at a rate varying from .15 per cent. for the lowest to 1.5 per cent. for those above $5,000,000. If, however, the income is less than $1,000, or less than $500, the taxable limit for fortunes is to be raised to $7,500 and $12,500, respectively. People drawing incomes above $1,250 from other sources than fortunes will have to pay from 1 to 8 per cent. of it toward the same fund. If besides their income they also enjoy a fortune that is subject to the tax, the exemption for incomes will be reduced to $250, though 5 per cent. of that fortune will be deducted in the estimate, to allow for a normal return from it. The desire of the Government is to distinguish between incomes arising from fortunes, and from other sources, to avoid a double tax first on the fortune itself and then also on the income therefrom.

There are no exemptions from this general levy. Even the princes and reigning houses of Germany, whom the constitution exempts from taxation, will have to give up a like proportion of their fortunes and allowances. The Kaiser, for instance, will have to contribute nearly $1,000,000, and the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, one of the richest men in Germany, will have to pay from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. The "mark millionaire," of whom there are many thousands in Germany, will pay on his $250,000 fortune a tax of $1,775 if he enjoys an income of $25,000 a year. But even the salaried clerk will have to sacrifice at least $12.50.

The rest of this initial expense—about $72,000,000—is to be raised from the surplus of the budget of 1912, by stamp and inheritance taxes, and by the resources of former budget schemes.

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The most notable of the latter is to continue the high sugar duty until 1916, instead of terminating it now, as was intended.

About $15,000,000 of this levy will be put away in gold in the famous Julius Tower at Spandau, which harbors the war-chest of Germany. After this addition it will amount to about $50,000,000.

The bulk of the additional annual maintenance expenses of $50,000,000 is to be met by a new property-increment tax. The increment is to be determined every three years, with the state of the property on January 1, 1914, as a basis. Increments of less than $2,500 and fortunes below $5,000 are exempted from this tax. The rates are graduated, beginning with .75 per cent. on increments below $12,500, and going up to 1.5 per cent. for those above $250,000. Moreover, the inheritance and stamp tax laws are to be revised, and the budget is to be rearranged with a view to meeting the added expense. A remarkable piece of legislation, indeed,—remarkable also in so far as it marks a departure from a set policy of the Empire, and of most federal states, namely that of raising the needed revenues of the central Government by indirect taxation, leaving direct taxes to the individual states.

All these figures mean but little, however, unless compared with some other statistics pertaining to Germany. In 1888 Germany maintained 491,000 men with $165,000,000. By 1908 her army had grown to 620,000 men, and her military expenditure to $370,000,000. Her total expenditure in the same year amounted to $436,000,000. For non-military purposes she thus spent but $66,000,000. It is true, however, that the individual states which make up the German Empire have also great non-military expenditures. Including these, the total non-military expenditures of all the Governments of Germany in 1908 amounted to about $400,000,000, or somewhat more than the military expenses.

On the other hand, to the actual expense of maintaining the armed force must be added the potential earnings of almost 700,000 men, who for two years are taken out of all productive activity. This loss in wages amounted to about $150,000,000 a year. The total cost of the military establishment in 1908 is

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thus raised to $520,000,000. This is $120,000,000 more than the most paternal government in the world spent for the benefit of its citizens. It is more than half the annual savings of the German people. It exacted from them in actual taxes $6 per capita a year, and, including the loss in wages, it involved an annual loss of $9 per capita. It represents the four per cent. interest charge on an investment of $13,000,000,000. Since that time the military expenditures have been increased, especially in 1912, and now is superadded this new tremendous burden.

II

We may well ask why such an enormous expenditure is tolerated, why it is made, and why it is still increased? In other words, what is the basis of militarism?

In introducing the new bill in the Reichstag the Imperial Chancellor announced that "by reason of the events which are taking place in the Balkans, the balance of European power has been shifted." This shifting is explained as follows:

In consequence of her smashing defeat, Turkey has been eliminated as an active military power, if not as a source of trouble. In her stead, several other powerful states have emerged from the turmoil, nursing an ambitious spirit of Pan-Slavism, which looks forward toward the ultimate union of all Slavic nations. Both of these factors redound to the advantage of Russia, the ally of France.

The Triple Alliance, on the other hand, has suffered. Austria-Hungary has been greatly weakened in her military efficiency; for the presence of powerful Slavic states on her eastern border necessitates a division of her military forces. Likewise her relations with Russia have become more complex. A similar situation prevails in regard to Italy, though for another reason. Her occupation of Tripoli will not only divide her army, but will also make her interests more akin to those of France than of Germany, not to speak of her ancient enemy, Austria-Hungary.

Considering the inherently opposed interests of Russia and Austria-Hungary, and the consequent hostility of Russia toward Germany, because of the latter's pledged support to her ally, as exemplified in the Bosnia-Herzegovina incident a few years ago;

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considering the still active spirit of "Revanche" in France; and lastly, taking account of the natural jealousy of Great Britain, because of Germany's growing commerce; in none of which relations a betterment has come about; the reasoning of the German statesmen as to the effects of the Balkan wars is not entirely without foundation. The "balance of power in Europe" has been shifted, and shifted to the disadvantage of Germany.

But what is this mystic and mythical "Balance of Power"? Since the Middle Ages it has been the chief concern of the rulers of Europe. Each one seemed to think that the question was not settled until he had the biggest army, and, later, the biggest navy, too. Neither ruin nor slaughter was able to establish this balance, and never will. Meanwhile, Europe continues to strive for it (as the traveller in the desert strives after the "Fata Morgana"), and groans under excessive armaments.

Before the increase the power of Europe was distributed as follows:

Taking Great Britain's land forces as 10, Russia had a fighting strength 51.4. France's proportion was 29.7, making the combined strength of two countries, bordering on Germany, unfriendly to her, and in alliance with each other, 81.1.

On the same basis Germany presented a fighting strength of 32.8; Austria-Hungary, of 18.9; and Italy, of 12.8. This makes the total of the Triple Alliance 64.5, which means a ratio between the opposing combinations of 5 to 4.

The increase in Germany has scarcely brought any change in this ratio, for the other countries have immediately followed suit. France has voted to raise $100,000,000 and to add 183,000 men to the peace strength of her army, making the total 750,000 men. Russia has added to her army 75,000 men, and thus raised the peace strength to 1,280,000. Austria, on the other hand, added only 58,000 men, and Italy none at all. Besides, it is also necessary to consider the disabilities of Austria and Italy mentioned above, which are by no means offset by Russia's interest in Asia. Even after the increase, therefore, Germany with her allies is greatly overshadowed by the "Entente."

The significance of this situation to Germany is easily seen,

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if we consider the position which she holds in the economy of Europe.

Germany has about 66,000,000 people, crowded in a territory three-fourths the size of Texas. This population is increasing at the rate of over 800,000 annually, and emigration has practically stopped. In comparison with the United States she is ten times as thickly populated. Her wealth amounts to about $80,000,000,000, and is second only to that of the United States. The per capita wealth is slightly higher in France and Great Britain, but the populations of the latter two countries are smaller by 25,000,000 and 20,000,000 respectively. Germany handles over ten per cent. of the world's shipping, and her foreign commerce is the second largest in the world. The figures of the three highest countries for 1912 are:

Great Britain	$5,550,000,000
Germany	3,960,000,000
United States	3,300,000,000

Yet Germany is not a self-sustaining country. Two-thirds of her population are employed in industrial pursuits, and are therefore largely dependent upon foreign food supply. Her shipping and her foreign trade provide daily bread for almost as many people as do Great Britain's over-sea connections. Any serious disturbance of these interests spells ruin to her commercial stability, and famine to her people. The fact that Great Britain, for instance, is still more dependent upon foreign resources does not alter the precarious position of Germany. It is true that Germany could get food from sources which might not be accessible to Great Britain except by virtue of her navy. In case of a successful blockade of either country, Great Britain would be the greater loser proportionately, but scarcely in total. If 20,000,000 people were starving because of lack of food, or because of inability to buy it on account of industrial suspension, it would matter little whether they formed one-half of the population of Great Britain, or only one-third of that of Germany,—they still would be starving.

An additional danger to Germany is her bad strategic position. She is located in the centre of Europe. On her eastern

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border is mighty frowning Russia, on her western, revengeful France. Both nations are in alliance with each other and but a few hours' ride from her very heart. But, worse than that, her shipping, so necessary to her existence, must pass through the straits of Dover, under the very guns of the largest navy in the world, twice the strength of her own, and in the hands of her keenest commercial rival, who is losing out in the race.

Weighing the above factors candidly—Germany's population, wealth, and foreign interests, and then her dependence upon foreign resources, and her precarious strategic position—one must wonder whether even now Germany's protection is adequate. Assuming the theory of armaments to be correct, it is obvious that if a nation spends money on armaments at all it should make these armaments adequate, or abolish them entirely. Otherwise, they will prove but expensive provocatives of war.

So far, each nation has been its own judge as to what armaments it needed. Until recently Great Britain maintained that the "Two Power" standard for her navy was adequate, and not excessive, and demanded of the world to accept that as a truism, regarding every doubter as a disturber of the peace. When Germany, at the beginning of her naval programme, declared that her shipping interests demanded that the "German navy must be so powerful as to make it inexpedient and impolitic for the greatest naval state to incur war with her," her modest aim was denounced as the greatest impudence.

It is undoubtedly true that the presence of a great fighting machine provokes jingoistic ambitions, and makes diplomatic adjustments more difficult. But it is just as true that as long as one country maintains armaments, other nations must follow suit in proportion to the risk to which their interests are exposed by reason of these armaments. In a community where one's neighbors carry guns, and are not reluctant to back up their claims to a certain share in the profits of the community, it would be folly to make similar claims without similar arguments.

When Germany first began to look abroad for new resources for her rapidly growing population, which she no longer could sustain, she found the world already divided between the great nations of the earth; and when by necessity she began slowly but

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surely to crowd the commercial interests of these nations in what they considered their own territory, her advent was greeted as is that of any newcomer—first with scorn, then with threats, then with impotent denunciations. And when, to secure her position, and to counteract these attacks, she too began to arm extensively, none of the other nations were willing to abandon their lead. In consequence, all Europe has been in a delirious war fever ever since her appearance as a world Power, squandering money on armaments at the rate of $1,500,000,000 a year. It is unjust as well as foolish to blame one nation for it, when it acts only according to the exigencies of the situation.

As long as war is possible, and even probable, a good army is no more expensive than a poor one. Germany maintains over 800,000 men at a cost of about $400,000,000 annually, while the United States spends for somewhat over 100,000 men, $460,000,000.* About $150,000,000 of this money is expended in pensions, which would be negligible had the United States been able to put a trained and efficient army in the field in 1846, 1861, and 1898. And that is not counting the misery, and the suffering, and the loss of human life, which a trained organization would have prevented.

There exists an impression in this country that large armaments in Germany are the sole productions of the Kaiser, and that other executives in other countries follow his example. The picturesque figure of the present emperor lends color to this statement. But it must be remembered that high armaments were in vogue before he ascended the throne, and that it has been his policy to maintain peace, armed though it was. Nor could he long maintain a militaristic policy without some support from the people.

Another charge is that the manufacturers of armaments are responsible for large military establishments. There is more truth to that. It is to the interest of the manufacturer to provide a market for his goods, and how can a manufacturer of armaments secure a better market than by keeping alive the spirit of war, and rousing patriotism to fever heat, so that people are willing to make all kinds of contributions to his pocket? Denun-

* *World's Work*, June, 1913.

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ciations of one nation by another in the jingoistic press, which is often supported by an international, if tacit, agreement between the armament interests; and subterranean connections between the war office and the armament factory, as revealed in the recent Krupp scandal in Germany—these are some of the means employed toward that end.

But it is exceedingly erroneous to suppose that these interests are solely responsible for the toleration of armaments. In an enlightened country, neither the Government nor special interests can ultimately prevail against an aroused public opinion. If we look for the reasons, therefore, which make the army acceptable to the German people, as distinguished from their Government, we must look in different directions than tyranny. For the army as an institution *is* acceptable to them, though they may wish to confine it to proper limits. Even the majority of the Socialistic voters oppose the Government not so much because of its military policy, but because of its economic policy.

The prime factor which reconciles the bulk of the German people to the large expenditure for armaments is naturally the conviction that their safety demands it. There is a certain sense of security in having weapons equal to those of your rivals. Moreover, for many generations the majority of the German people have themselves served in the army, until army rule has become a part of their constitution. They have transferred to their private life not only the strict discipline and veneration for authority which are the basis of the army, but have even cultivated a certain love for, and pride in, the army, comparable to the feeling of college alumni for the place of their instruction.

For to a great many the army is more than a mere drilling place in the art of shooting down people. To the lower classes, especially to those from agricultural districts, it provides an excellent schooling in the common branches of knowledge, which they might have forgotten since their school days. There are no illiterates in the German army, though it is recruited from rather heterogeneous classes of society. It also teaches them hygiene and the value of physical exercise, to say nothing of the better deportment which is a necessary consequence. To a people inclined by nature to be rather leisurely, and devoted to the less

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strenuous diversions, such a severe physical training as the army requires for its purposes is of no little importance. To a large extent it replaces the baseball, football and other games so eagerly practised in this country.

In defence of the army may also be offered the argument that it produces a nation accustomed to rules and regulations, and possessing a deep respect for law—qualities which tend to produce social efficiency, and are necessary to a much higher degree in a densely populated country than in a country where a greater area for each individual permits a better expression of the individualistic faculties. It is doubtful whether without such discipline schemes as socialistic as universal insurance and Government ownership of public utilities, and even of productive agencies, could be carried through to the extent and with the success that they are in Germany. For the sake of this social efficiency, many are willing to forgo even some of their personal comforts and liberties.

There is thus a slight recompense to the people for the tremendous expenditure, but this recompense becomes insignificant when compared with what might be accomplished with the same means. It would not cost any more to send the whole army to college than it does to maintain them in arms. A college, moreover, is eminently better suited to teach social efficiency than an army, where the greatest stress is laid upon destructive work. Besides, the ugly effects of military training would be avoided.

These ugly effects are by no means negligible. The very discipline of the army, so often carried to extremes by overbearing subalterns, tends to stifle entirely individual initiative, and produces a race of people who sacrifice their independence and their self-respect to a dying veneration of authority. By this military training alone can be explained the wilful subjection to an autocratic, if benevolent, Government—a subjection which looks so queer to a candid observer, and forfeits the Germans much of that respect abroad which is due to their achievements. The Germans of to-day are indeed far from those of their ancestors of whom Cæsar wrote, " quod a pueris nullo officio aut disciplina adsuefacti nihil omnino contra voluntatem faciunt." Nor is this subjection rendered less offensive because the authority is

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wielded wisely, and restricts personal liberty in many instances to an even less extent than happens in the United States. Though social efficiency may offer a good reason for a benevolent autocracy, yet the submersion of individual initiative is bound to react on the society as a whole, and rob it of its most valuable stimulant to progress.

It cannot be said that the Germans are by nature a slavish people. On the contrary, if aroused, and conscious of this subjection, they are as fervid in their denunciations of it, and as determined in their resistance to it, as any. The great agitation which pervaded Germany because of the " sabre rule " in Zabern is a good illustration of this trait in their character. Unfortunately, however, their training is thorough enough to make these conscious moments few, and the results of them but temporary.

But aside from this negative result of military training, there is a positive one, just as offensive, and more dangerous—jingoism. It is true that jingoism pervades even such non-military countries as the United States, and there finds lodging in almost all classes of society; but this jingoism is mostly harmless and the result more of ignorance than of a premeditated policy. In Germany, on the other hand, jingoism is usually confined to the necessarily narrow-minded military classes, and is carefully fostered in the army by the authorities. In a soldier, indeed, the desire for fighting and killing is the supreme virtue.

This jingoism receives its ugliest manifestation in the words and bearing of the officers, particularly of the younger ones. It offers them a wide field for the exercise of youthful exuberance. Supreme contempt for the mere civilian, and a ludicrous formality in their intercourse with each other, designed to promote a sense of their superior dignity, are among the chief characteristics, if not of all, yet of the majority of the German army officers. Lieutenant von Forstner, the originator of the Zabern affair, was perfectly sincere in his plea of self-defence; for had the cobbler been able to deal him but one blow, he would have been, according to all military honor codes, disgraced for life. He, just as many others, was simply the victim of a perverse system of education.

Yet these officers are more to be pitied than censured.

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Scarcely one of them enters the army from ulterior motives: they are the worst-paid people in Germany. A lieutenant starts with $300 a year, and after twelve years' service he receives the magnificent sum of $600 a year. When he finally becomes a captain, after an average of about fifteen years' service, his salary is raised to $850 a year, and after an additional nine years he may get as high as $1,275. Even a commanding general receives but $3,495. The little additional allowance which they receive for travelling, horses, house rent, &c., is scarcely worth mentioning. Most of them support themselves from private sources.

In a sense, therefore, they are martyrs in the service of the fatherland, and are so regarded. As such they command the highest social position in Germany. A uniform is there the best recommendation in all society circles. The same is true to a certain extent of the private, for his social strata. But whether officer or private, both make good use of their distinguished station. The private's first concern after enrollment is to secure a sweetheart who is at the same time a cook in preferably the best kitchen in town, in order that he may easily supplement his meagre barrack fare. In a similar manner, the poorer officer is anxious to secure some rich brewer's daughter with an ample dowry, in order that he may supplement his own meagre earnings with his wife's income. In fact, there exists an army regulation which prohibits the officers from marrying unless they themselves or their prospective brides possess a fortune sufficient to maintain them in an appropriate fashion. And neither officer nor private has any difficulty in accomplishing his object. Both are welcomed with open arms.

It is a fact, however, that no one is more likely properly to appreciate the self-sacrifice of a martyr than the martyr himself. On the same principle, the sincere conviction that they are not serving for money's sake, but for the supposed good of the community, raises the officers in their own estimation far above the common herd who are chasing after the dollar (or mark), and makes them self-righteous, proud, and arrogant. Social position becomes a part of their regular remuneration, and who can blame them for making the most of it? There is in every one of us a certain sense of self-importance, which in other coun-

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tries is stifled by the knowledge that public display of it gets nothing but severe condemnation. In Germany this sense is nursed by official, and, to a large extent, private appreciation of its benefits.

III

No one can reflect upon the above facts without coming to the conclusion that militarism is not the product of individual perversity, but of a perverse system. To abolish it, mankind must abolish the conditions which necessitate it. That the present madness cannot continue much longer without bringing ruin to some country, is also clear. The fight against militarism, and all that it implies, is gaining more and more ground among a burdened and suffering people; and discontent with it, and a growth of the finer sentiments in human nature, must finally overwhelm the advocates of slaughter and of ravage.

In the past, wars were mostly waged for the sake of religious sentiment, or the gratification of personal ambition. To-day, we have become more enlightened, and no longer kill in order to spread the gospel of love, nor do we allow individuals to lead great nations to slaughter. But with this enlightenment we have also lost the romance and the thrilling personal element which make war so attractive in books. To-day the game is played for dollars and cents. Behind the armies stands modern capital, cold-blooded and calculating, pushing the figure-heads in control of the armies hither and thither on the chess board of this globe, wherever they may bring the greatest return. It is capital above all else which stands in the way of peaceful settlement of international disputes; which demands the maintenance of large armies, and thus renders national feelings liable to outbursts even beyond its own control.

As long as capital receives the backing of the Governments of this earth in their foreign adventures, no hope for peace can be entertained. Judicial settlements between nations may work for minor difficulties, but they must ever prove futile where the capitalistic interests of two nationalities seriously clash. Besides, a judicial court can act but according to law, and what body of

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men could promulgate laws which would take account of the changing relations between nations as to their population, wealth, and other developments? To maintain forever the status quo would be ranker injustice than war. As regards the limitation of armaments by agreement between nations, unequal in every respect, this is just as futile. At best it can be but a temporizing measure, for there is not and cannot be a common basis for apportioning armaments among nations. Wealth and population are not competent factors, and the present proportion is neither just, nor takes account of future developments.

Any attempt to settle international disputes peacefully must therefore be preceded by a divorce of government and capital, at least as far as capitalistic foreign ventures are concerned. Only when the Governments of this earth shall refuse to give armed support to greedy individuals who would enslave peoples for profits; only when they shall agree to treat all nations on equal terms in the trade of this world, and shall permit each one to develop to the best of her ability—only then will judicial settlement become practical in cases of discrimination, and an international police force in the hands of such a court, a sufficient guarantee for order and safety in all parts of this globe. The only other alternative is international socialism—the elimination of capitalistic and nationalistic interests, and the broadening of the selfish kind of patriotism—or unyielding support of that country in which one happens to be born—to an all-inclusive conception of the brotherhood of men.

To bring about either of these conditions, the next generation must be educated on broader principles than mere local, or even racial, self-congratulation. Toward that end, the public school will have to teach the truth about the economic influences on national policies, in order that the pupils may look about themselves with some degree of intelligence, and perceive the essential similarity of the aspirations of all nations; and the Church will have to go back to the discarded doctrines of the great Nazarene, and teach love and compassion for all men, instead of praying to God that He may help one nation to cheat and kill another.

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SIR OLIVER LODGE AND THE POPULAR MIND

HORACE J. BRIDGES

BY comparing the two addresses to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered in 1912 and 1913, by Sir Ernest Schaefer and Sir Oliver Lodge respectively, an interesting and fairly accurate impression can be obtained of the two main conflicting streams of tendency in contemporary thought, both popular and specialist. Professor Schaefer's discourse represented what may be described, with approximate adequacy, as the materialistic standpoint. Life is for him reducible to the functioning of physical elements in terms of chemical law. Death is but the closing of a cycle of chemical changes in a material organism; it is strictly and exclusively a physiological process. From such a summation of the course of terrestrial life, the idea of personal survival of the death of the body is inevitably excluded. If a man's life expresses only the sum of his bodily functions, it is of course a contradiction in terms to assert that it can survive them, or exist independently of them.

Such is the conclusion hazily, or lazily, adopted by a multitude of people at the present day. Another multitude, however, reluctant either to accept this conclusion or to assail the process of reasoning from which it emerges, find consolation in the vague and speculative utterances of such teachers as the 1913 President of the British Association. The interesting point about the teaching of Professor Schaefer and that of Sir Oliver Lodge, is that they both seem to accept the same presuppositions. Both start by taking for granted the independent reality of the objective world of the senses. Both assume that the data of the physical sciences are absolute and verified, rather than hypothetical and empirical; neither seems to allow for any such criticism as that of the philosophical idealists, which starts from the fact of consciousness as the only unquestionable reality, and reduces the world of sight and sound, of touch and taste, of heat, cold, and color, to a series of modifications of consciousness, whose existence consists in their being perceived.

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Thus Sir Oliver Lodge, although his faith admittedly transcends what is at present verifiable by the methods of science, nevertheless expressly holds that his belief in personal "continuity" will ultimately be susceptible of experimental proof. He does not impugn the validity of the working assumptions of the laboratory. The occult, he tells us, is only the manifestation of law hitherto unformulated. The phenomena of psychical research, the manifestations of the spiritualistic *séance,* are to furnish the data of a future science, which presumably will be analogous in its methods and canons of induction to that same science of physics of which he is an acknowledged master; an extension of the kind of experiments with which we are to-day familiar in laboratories of experimental psychology.

All this, as I have said, derives its interest from the fact that it accurately reflects the thought-processes and the bent of will of the average man. From the days of Darwin and Huxley until now, that interesting personage, cut adrift from the anchorage of his hereditary faith, has been, not voyaging, but drifting "through strange seas of thought alone." Of England, perhaps more truly than of America, it may be said that metaphysics—the criticism of knowledge and of the conditions of knowledge—is still caviare to the general. England is passing through a phase, not of universal education, but of universal half-education; a phase in which a little knowledge is mistaken for much, and in which, accordingly, those who have sloughed off the bonds of an obsolete dogmatism readily embrace a new and counter-dogmatism, under the impression that they have attained to complete freedom from all dogma.

The fashionable catchword of the day (I am still speaking more especially of England) is Evolution. Despite the explicit and reiterated warnings of the great pioneers of the "Development Hypothesis," this term has suffered the fate common to philosophic language when popularized. Huxley once said that a new generation, brought up on the principles of the *Origin of Species,* would be in danger of accepting its main doctrines "with as little reflection, and it may be with as little justification, as so many of our contemporaries rejected them." To-day is this scripture fulfilled in our ears. The more intelligent of the

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artisans and the lower middle classes of England (that is, the only classes who really attempt to do their thinking for themselves) to-day use such words as evolution, determinism, heredity and environment, as familiarly, as confidently, and well-nigh as unintelligently as their grandfathers talked of heaven and hell, of predestination, election and justification.

Lord Morley, many years ago, in his celebrated essay *On Compromise,* defined evolution in a sentence which every man who uses the term ought to learn by heart and to ponder diligently. "Evolution," said Lord Morley, "is not a force, but a process; not a cause, but a law." It is, in other words, like every law of nature, neither a force causing things to happen, nor an explanation of why they happen. It is simply a convenient summary of the way in which changes in nature are observed to come about. To say, then, that one believes in evolution is only to say that one believes the present state of the universe to be a development from its previous states, brought about by virtue of forces contained within itself, and not of forces impinging upon it from without.

The practice of opposing evolution to creation as an explanation of existence, is in itself clear evidence of the common misapprehension which we are considering. The world, and all that therein is, may conceivably be both created and evolving. Those who believe, for example, in an immanent God may perfectly well maintain, without any self-contradiction, that their God is associated with the universe as closely and indissolubly as a living man's mind with his body. He may be creating it progressively from within, and his method may be precisely that gradual progression of interdependent changes which modern science epitomizes in the concept of evolution.

This is, at least, a tenable position. I do not defend it; but the mere fact that it can consistently be held disposes of the pseudo-scientific and pseudo-philosophic notion that evolution is itself a force or a cause.

But the average man's fallacy does not end here. Having made his hypostatized abstraction, "Evolution," into a force, he proceeds to turn it into a good fairy, by assuming that the succession of changes, which it coercively effects, are invariably

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changes for the better. Progress, he would say, is the law of life; and by progress he means amelioration, effected by the stars in their courses and by the imaginary "eternal laws of iron" at work around us. He ends by holding implicitly, if not explicitly, that this beneficent force of evolution, which has pushed on from the ape to the archbishop, will not cease its activity until it has transmogrified the archbishop into the archangel.

This doctrine of materialistic fatalism (minus the optimism, which the average man either supplies for himself or gets from teachers whose grasp of the subject is scarcely more discriminating than his own), has been disseminated among thousands, especially of the working classes, by a popular book which has had a worldwide influence, and has weighed more with the general reading public in England than even in its native land, Germany. I refer to Professor Ernst Haeckel's well-known work, called *Die Welträtsel*. The publisher of the English translation of this book recently told me that he had sold over a quarter of a million copies of it in England and the British Colonies, of which the vast majority had been circulated in England. I understand that (thanks to the taxes on knowledge, by which cheap literature, both good and bad, is excluded from this country) the work cannot be purchased in America for less than a dollar; but in England an excellently printed and complete edition of the same translation is obtainable everywhere at retail for nine cents. I do not hesitate to say that, although Sir Oliver Lodge did not mention it in his presidential address, he had this book in mind throughout. He has more than once attacked it, and has engaged in controversy with Haeckel's highly successful and popularly gifted English translator, Mr. Joseph McCabe. Sir Oliver Lodge's discourse was in substance an attempted refutation of dogmas confidently and repeatedly uttered by Professor Haeckel, though, of course, in no wise original with him or peculiar to him. No philosophical student would think the book deserving of attention save for its vogue, and for the truth emphasized by Paulsen, that "an age is characterized rather by the books it reads than by those it writes."

Haeckel's book, *The Riddle of the Universe* (as the English translator somewhat misleadingly names it), professes to be a

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philosophical treatise. The sub-title of the original work is *Gemeinverständliche Studien über monistische Philosophie,* although this sub-title is for some reason omitted from the English version. I emphasize the point that Haeckel, in this work, professes to speak as a philosopher, because his apologists are commonly apt, like himself, to speak with contempt of philosophy, which they seem to regard as an obstruction to the free activity of the human mind, and as in some way subservient to theological dogmas and hostile to free thought and scientific progress. Of course, the fact is that we cannot escape from philosophy and metaphysics, if we attempt in any way to systematize our thinking. As Bradley points out in the brilliant introduction to his *Appearance and Reality,* our choice is not between metaphysics and no metaphysics, but only between good metaphysics and bad. And Haeckel is, on his own showing, not merely a man of science, but, to use Bradley's phrase, "a brother metaphysician, with a rival theory of first principles."

Haeckel's translator, in a preface, says of him that he is not a materialist. I do not question the good faith of the assertion, because there are sentences in Haeckel which are susceptible of a non-materialistic interpretation. Indeed, every possible theory of the relation of thought to being crops up in his chapters, the author apparently being quite unconscious of his transitions from one position to another. Philosophically, he is everything by turns and nothing long. A careful study of his work, however, shows that, although his argument is a hopeless tangle of self-contradictory dogmatism, yet, if he is anything at all, he is a materialist. He says in so many words that consciousness is nothing but "a particular phenomenal form of matter and energy"; and by "energy" he means only that same energy which is manifested in physical cohesion, in gravitation, in light and heat. The most curious of Haeckel's confusions of thought is his serene identification of subject with object, of consciousness with that which consciousness beholds. He seems, at times, by his identification of mind with the energy of the outward world, to be at the verge of a pantheistic idealism, which would assert that mind is the one and only ultimate reality; he calls his "monism" the purest monotheism; but his main stress is on the oft-

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reiterated doctrine that body is the only reality, and mind but a transient epiphenomenon. He confidently and dogmatically denies that the mind does, or can, survive the death of the body; and this because mind is a function of body, like respiration or digestion. Of psychology he speaks in terms of the utmost contempt, yet in a fashion to make one doubt whether he has even read the leading works on that most progressive science which have appeared in the last thirty years. His general attitude toward the seven world-riddles, of which he professes to offer either a solution or an indication of the direction in which solutions will finally be reached, is like that of a man, born blind and deaf, attempting to treat of the music of Bach or Beethoven. He " solves " his problems by the ready and easy method of denying their existence. Thus, he disposes of the origin of motion by telling us that motion is an original property of matter; i. e., there is nothing to explain, no riddle to solve. In the like facile fashion, he gets rid of the problem of the origin of life, by saying, alternately and inconsistently, first, that it arises spontaneously at a certain assignable stage of inorganic evolution, and later—with a queer reversion to the semi-poetic doctrine of Empedocles—that the distinctive attributes of life, sensation and conation, are to be ascribed to the ultimate atoms of matter throughout the inorganic as well as the organic world. Paulsen, in a crushing criticism of *Die Welträtsel,* declares quite truly that Haeckel can see no problems, but " nur bereite Lösungen." And he justly adds, " Wer keine Probleme sehen kann, der taugt nicht zum Philosophen."

The reason for the popularity of Haeckel's work, despite the fact that it deals with matters remote from the first-hand knowledge and experience of the majority of its readers, is not hard to find. In the first place, its tone of confident and complacent certitude makes it congenial to the dogmatist that each of us carries within him. Secondly, despite its parade, not only of ordinary scientific jargon, but of a cloud of new and hideous terms under which Professor Haeckel seeks to conceal the poverty of his thought, the book is exceedingly easy to read and understand. It imposes no serious tax on the mental energies of the " general reader." It is precisely its facility and lucidity which render the

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book a real source of danger to popular culture. The fundamental problems of life and destiny are talked around at length; and, because its author has not " approfondi les choses," the layman in reading the book gets an entirely false feeling of having learned something. It is as though one should read a popularly written description, let us say, of the methods used in surgical operations or of the use of high-power electrical machinery, and should proceed, on the strength of this reading, without any experimental drill in surgery or electricity, to perform operations, or to handle dynamos and batteries. The lay reader, by his ready faith in the wisdom and competence of his guide, is made not whole, but more dangerously sick than before—because satisfied with his condition and oblivious to his glaring deficiencies. The English translation of *Die Welträtsel* thoughtfully provides a glossary, in which the current jargon of biology and the kindred sciences, as well as the terms of Haeckel's own coinage, are explained to the uninstructed reader. The total effect of the reading of this book and of attending expository lectures by the disciples of Dr. Haeckel, is, as I have observed in hundreds of concrete cases, to produce just that " false conceit of wisdom " against which the life of Socrates was one long protest.

The point to be remarked about this new cult of materialistic fatalism is that, although it labels itself scientific and philosophic, it has really no philosophy and exceedingly little science. Its adherents are precisely as dogmatic as the members of the Salvation Army, or the Society of Jesus; and, like the latter, they repose their entire faith upon authority. For them there is no God but Evolution, and Haeckel is his prophet.

Now, in so far as Sir Oliver Lodge's recent discourse is a protest against dogmatism, and against the rash, premature, and indefensible positions of Haeckel and his school, it is heartily to be commended. But unfortunately the backwardness of popular culture in England has produced more than one school of neo-dogmatists; and there are many indications in this British Association address, and in other published utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge, that he, like Haeckel, is only the leader of a new dogmatic school. Just as one class of amateur thinkers seems to delight in propounding the mystical dogma that mind is at bottom

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body, and is therefore necessarily incapable of independent existence, so another and an even more numerous assemblage affirms as an article of faith the equally hypothetical and unverifiable assertion that finite minds can and do survive and function, independently of physiological correlatives. These are they who find in Sir Oliver Lodge their ideal spokesman and encourager.

Whoever is familiar with the tactics of the commonplace apologists of orthodox theology and of such modern cults as Spiritualism, must be aware of the use that is always made of such pronouncements as Sir Oliver Lodge's discourse. He speaks with comparative caution and hesitancy, as befits a man trained to the high accuracy necessary for scientific investigation; but he will be quoted—and he must know by experience that he will be quoted—as going much further than he really does, in the direction both of commonplace theology and of spiritistic occultism. His qualified propositions will be converted into unqualified assertions; his notes of interrogation will be removed; his animadversions on the *present* inability of science to resolve certain questions, will be perverted into timeless generalizations. Even without such modifications, however, Sir Oliver's teaching goes sufficiently far beyond the limits of the verified, to serve admirably the purposes of obscurantism.

Take, for example, his question-begging analogy between our observation of the world, and that of an imaginary observer of the works of men who could not see man himself, or arrive at any direct contact with human mind and purpose. It overlooks a criticism of the design argument, which is almost as old and quite as obvious as that argument itself. We infer design in the works of man, because we know the ends those works are meant to attain, and also because we contrast them in thought with other things which we assume to be undesigned. We cannot rationally think of design in regard to the totality of things, first because we have no glimmer of a conception of an end which the universe as a whole is to attain, and second, because no term of partial mode can be of universal application. The hackneyed illustration of Paley, about the watch found on an uninhabited island, exactly expresses the difficulty. If you find a watch under such circumstances you are justified in supposing it designed, be-

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cause you know what a watch is for; but in the very terms of the supposition, you single out the watch as designed by contrast with the rocks and the trees, which you implicitly assume to be not designed.

And then as regards Sir Oliver Lodge's notorious leaning to spiritism,—he here displays a readiness to accept wholly unconvincing evidence, which in a man of his scientific attainments is almost weird. The whole apparatus of communications from disembodied spirits, which never reveal anything not known or knowable through the normal channels of the senses—those letters from the mighty dead, which if genuine would be a melancholy proof of the deterioration in quality and capacity which the mind of man undergoes after death—what are these things worth as evidence of the presence and activity of minds untrammelled by the "muddy vesture of decay" through which in this life we act upon our fellows? It is one of the commonplaces of modern psychology, especially of abnormal psychology, that we are very far indeed from knowing the limits of mind and body, and of their powers. Until we know that a given activity is impossible to a person manifesting the phenomena of secondary or tertiary personality, how can we possibly assert that the communications of trance-bound mediums emanate not from their subliminal selves, but from minds outside of the spiritual organism of human society?

Sir Oliver Lodge is right in rejecting the cheap dogmatism of Professor Haeckel and his congeners. But he must grant to the rest of us an equal right to reject his own dogmatism, which is as unwarrantable, as rash, and as premature as that which he combats. The plain fact is that we do not know whether a man shall live again if he die. It is not impossible; nothing that we know from biology or any other science entitles us to say that it may not be so. Let biologists of the Schaefer school prove the continuity between chemical process and vital process as completely as they please, the argument of James's Ingersoll lecture on Immortality—that brain and body as organs of mind have only a transmissive and not a productive function—will still remain unanswered. But a bare possibility is a totally different thing from a certainty, or even a strong probability. And if,

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leaving the familiar ground of the working hypotheses of science, we proceed by way of a criticism of knowledge and its conditions to the conclusion that mind is the ultimate reality of things, we still do not know but that it may be of the very nature of mind to manifest itself only through transitory self-consciousnesses, each indissolubly associated with that particular thought-form which we call the material body.

The outstanding lesson of the whole discussion is that, if we would be intellectually honest, we must get rid not only of this and that particular dogma, but of the *spirit* of dogmatizing. The right course on this question of the survival of death, for example, lies midway between the denials of the materialists and the affirmations of Sir Oliver Lodge, the late W. T. Stead, and the rest of our modern spiritists. It is that of suspended judgment. Where nothing is known, affirmation and the orientation of conduct toward a guess are both logically and morally illicit.

And, finally, we are left with a sense of the appalling need for a higher standard in what we call popular education. A nation whose people are the ready prey of any confident asserter is not an educated nation. With Boston and Chicago full of mediums, whose very existence testifies to the multitude of their dupes; with London and Paris swarming with palmists, crystal-gazers, and fortune-tellers, all driving a prosperous trade, how can we think that we live in a mentally progressive age? The truth is that, while the trammels and the blinkers of authority have been removed from us, we are as yet unequal to the task of self-direction, incapable of gazing steadfastly upon the full mid-day beam. A nation does not become scientific by reading popular books about science, nor philosophic by swallowing the oracles of self-constituted guides who do not know what the problems of philosophy are.

We need, urgently, a new popular literature to familiarize the non-specialist reading public with the profound questions that the greatest minds, from Plato downward, have labored in vain to solve. The materialist is contemptuous of philosophy, because its results are not reducible to terms of cash—because it does not give us telephones, or aeroplanes, or safety-razors. Yet it does what is better than all of these: it frees the mind from

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smug self-satisfaction, it makes us aware of the mysteriousness of familiar things, and it gives that culture which makes a man know when he does not know, and refrain from asserting or assuming what neither he nor anyone else can prove. We are today between the Scylla and Charybdis of a supernaturalistic theology and a materialistic fatalism, both of which, to quote Bradley once more, "vanish like ghosts before the breath of free sceptical inquiry." The rudiments of science have become the property of the masses; let us give to them also the rudiments of philosophy, which, save to the innately deficient, are not more difficult to grasp, and are even more abidingly precious and helpful.

Sir Oliver Lodge is a sign of the times: a testimony to the change which has taken place in the popular mind, and an evidence of how much more yet remains to be done before we attain that general level of culture which can alone make democracy successful, or even permanently endurable.

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SOCIALISM AND INITIATIVE

DONALD B. ARMSTRONG

"WHY did you do it?" Select the last ten of your separate actions, at any one time; analyze, if you can, the reason for doing each of them; and if you are an average man in an average community (the average man works with his hands), the stimulus back of your act, the initiating force, will have been, in about nine out of ten instances, the decision you were compelled to make between doing the thing, or jeopardizing your income. The incentive is usually economic and the motive, either by choice or necessity, that of gain, even though the action may (or may not) be pleasurable.

It is an accepted principle that at any one time a single activating, driving force energizes the great majority of human beings. It is true that here and there motives vary from the normal or average, some being superior and others inferior in quality, and at any one time the characteristics of the leaders are a prophecy of what will eventually be average characteristics. However, this common force to-day is an economic one, and almost always has been so. This incentive is such as to stimulate to acquisitive action, ranging in degree from the lowest level of the struggle for less than the means of existence up to the highest reaches of the acquisitionary stimulus, where physical necessity no longer supplies the initiative, but where the motive force is still *gain*.

Will socialism destroy initiative? Will it inhibit incentive? Its enemies offer an affirmative answer, and some of its friends waste good energy on negative rebuttals. Let us face the realities and let us have faith in the meaning of the greatest of epigrams in the history of the human race, given to the world by the greatest world character: "Know ye the truth and the truth shall make you free."

What is the truth about socialism and initiative? Will it destroy modern, contemporary initiative? If by socialism is meant anything more than the most naïve of political formulæ, if one has any conception of the spiritual significance of the mod-

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ern social programme,—the answer to the question is a simple one. It is not only to be devoutly hoped that social progress will destroy present-day incentive, but there is every glad assurance that such will be the inevitable outcome. Is modern incentive, an expression of the spirit of gain, born of materialistic standards, such a sacred thing? Is the pressure of economic necessity so noble an exponent of modern social and industrial life? No, there are conceivably higher stimuli; and it is only the exploiters and their beneficiaries who, either cynically and hypocritically or pseudo-religiously and unintelligently, worship this modern standard. Socialism, if applied at all idealistically, if freedom is given for proper expression to any of the spiritual values involved, will destroy modern initiative for several reasons.

In the first place, and to begin at the bottom of the economic ladder, it will make the spirit of financial gain unnecessary for the great struggling mass of humanity; for, through a more equitable distribution of the wealth produced, consequent to a more rational control and ownership of the means of production, it will remove the pressure, the present-day terrific economic push. This is true for those "fit to survive," while the unfit may be eliminated from the problem entirely by wise measures of prevention.

On the other hand, by limiting accumulation it will make undesirable, and in reality impossible, enormous acquisitions, particularly those of a strictly unearned character. This limitation of acquisitive action will care for the other extreme expression of the motive of gain.

These, however, are simply methods. In a sense, they are negative measures and are bound to be ineffectual, as negative measures always are. Alone they will accomplish little, and with them must go a positive constructive propaganda. The man with the greatest spiritual insight said "resist ye not evil." By this he meant that it was not so much immoral to resist evil, but that it was ineffectual, or at least immoral because it was ineffectual, when compared with "working for good."

If the spirit of gain is to be destroyed, what is to take its place? What is the positive philosophical programme of socialism? What will be the effect, coupled with the other measures

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of socialism, of that programme upon present-day initiative? The spirit of financial gain will never be made completely unnecessary or impossible, until something better is offered in its place. The idea of service, the spirit of service, which is the soul of the ethics of social transformation, is the worthy substitute offered for the modern stimulus. Service to the State, to the world, to humanity, to progress toward perfection,—that is to be the motive force of the future. Before it is realized fundamental changes in man's point of view are necessary. The harbinger of its realization will be the gradual dissemination through educative methods of a knowledge of social and spiritual values.

This kind of socialism is more than an economic programme. It includes the principles of, or perhaps in reality is, true Christianity, a religion never yet tried. It involves a philosophy of faith in human progress and faith in the significance of organic evolution, such as only our modern philosophers are now glimpsing. It will be the product of spiritual evolution, a great social *transformation* built up out of comparatively petty reformations.

And this change in point of view is a big thing in itself, but only a small part, though perhaps an important step, in that grandest of schemes, the evolution of the universe toward an ever-finer, nobler expression of that *conscious life* which is the soul of the universe. This growth is inevitable and it is serene. That other great world character, the only one comparable to him whom we have above quoted, "the sweetest memory of our world," expressed his appreciation of the sublimity and assurance of progress in those marvellous words: "The Father of Waters goes unvexed to the sea."

The potentialities of the race are unlimited. Socialism, while the most promising formula, while the next step in governmental experience, while giving concrete expression for the *first time* to most of the truths of the Great Religionist, is *only* the next step in spiritual and social evolution. It will inevitably destroy the mercenary, squalid scramble now accepted as the legitimate incentive. It will replace it with a finer motive and one more worthy to be the motive force of the being of all life's forms selected in the evolutionary process as having the potentiality for most nobly expressing the Will-To-Be-Better in the universe.

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Perfection, the highest goal of human evolution, demands the destruction of incentive, based on economic pressure and inspired by the standard of gain. The purpose of human progress will find a ready instrument in that stimulus to activity, the spirit of service, which alone is acceptable as initiative in the next step in the social transformation.

"STILL LIFE"

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A BOWL of fruit upon a piece of silk—
Stiff pears and awkward apples, with the leaves
A crude and evil-tempered sort of green.
Harsh reds and screaming yellows, brilliant blacks
Savagely massed with strong and angry skill
Against a furious orange-colored cloth.
A canvas rioting with love and hate;
Colors that grappled, snarled and lashed the soul . . .
Never have I beheld such fierce contempt,
Nor heard a voice so full of vehement life
As this that shouted from a bowl of fruit—
High-pitched, malignant, lusty and perverse;
Brutal with a triumphant restlessness
And joy that cannot heal but laughs and stabs.

I never knew the man that did this thing,
This bowl of fruit upon a piece of silk,
And yet I know him better than I know my friends.

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ON THE THRESHOLD

STUART CHASE

THE more I consider the nature of the world that lies around me and before me, the harder it is to determine just what I am going to do with my life.

I am a young man, healthy in body and in mind, of an orderly upbringing and a good education. I do not think that I am in any way abnormal or radically different from the American college youth, unless it be in my wide and varied reading. But many men of my age, I am sure, have read more widely and more deeply than I. My interests have been by no means confined to studious things, but have been nourished upon an infinitude of other diversions—the ordinary diversions of the average college boy. I have camped, climbed mountains, swum, played baseball, hockey, bridge and poker. I have danced, attended tea parties, theatres, operas and concerts. I have travelled, ranched, snowshoed, skated and sailed. I have done all these things moderately well and taken a keen and vivid joy in the doing of them. And I have by no means exhausted the possibilities of diversion.

I have never played polo or cruised on a private yacht or spent my Februarys at Palm Beach or driven a racing motor car. There is still a great deal I might find novel and interesting to do if I had the means or the ambition. I have simply had my share of opportunity and have availed myself of it to the full. I have never, until recently, had time to consider why I did these things, or whether it was right for me to do them. Everybody else in my station of life did them when they had the chance and I was not anxious to be put at a disadvantage with everybody else.

You see then, I am neither a wan, anæmic student, long brooding in a dreary attic, nor yet a son of millions who has well-nigh exhausted all possibilities of diversion and weeps as did Alexander because there are no more worlds to conquer. No, I am just an ordinary young man, fortunate above the aver-

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age in my selection of parentage, perhaps; one who has recently begun to think.

Granting me, then, a wide smattering of varied information and diversion, and the fact that I think—what then? Must I be driven at last to the conclusion of Kant, and hold that man may never answer the three questions—Why am I? What am I? and What can I know? Must I bend my life and energies to the solution of a fourth, What can I do? and then limit this query to proper eating, resting, working and associating with my fellow-men? Perhaps, after all, this is the simplest, the happiest way out of it—but my mind is too often among the illimitable spaces to accept it yet.

I want to know what I am and why I am, in order to determine the things most fitted for me to do—not as an individual greedy of success, but as a sharer for a time of the life and the sunshine upon this little whirling sphere in God's vast universe. In what relations am I, as an animal, composed of the varying chemical elements that constitute all organic and inorganic matter, subservient to physical laws? In what relations am I, as possessed of a mind, superior to all other forms of animal brain, and capable, through the reaction of a mysterious thing called soul, of emotions and longings utterly severed from all physical influence, subservient to divine laws?

I am confident that these two fundamental forces are constantly working upon all mankind, and I believe, furthermore, that under strictly equal conditions of environment, they would tend to work uniformly upon all individuals. In this belief, I admit the doctrine of the fundamental equality of man. And civilization to now has so often and so utterly belied this doctrine. I want to know why an equal condition of mankind has so far proved impossible, and over and above all, I want to know if it must continue to be so denied to the end.

I must find some answer definite or relative to these questions before I can conscientiously set about moulding the soft clay of my immaturity into the crystallized mass which must mark the limits of my future existence. I shall never be content to drift with the tide, accepting conditions as they are, without first being desperately forced to the realization that there is

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nothing else to do. I know that in accepting present conditions a man may be happy, honored and contented. I understand that the vast majority of men, thinking as well as unthinking, are driven to this conclusion in the end, and that it by no means belittles them or defrauds them of the wonder of living. Those who have made their place in the world, with ambitions to gratify, families to support, communities that must have their guiding hand, need not greatly trouble themselves with these questions. But I stand free at the threshold. Where shall I throw my weight? I am proud enough and fair enough to believe that it may do some little good if rightly applied.

And yet great philosophers, as well as the simple working man, have shaken their heads as to the how and the why and gone diligently forth to make the best of their lives as they found them. The majority of religious teaching takes the same ground. God, the creative force, has endowed us with life; strive to build up the soul and He will provide for conditions all in good season. It is not the place of men to tamper with the Infinite. My whole religious training and habits of thought bid me comply with this: but still something continually stirs within me—asking forever why, why, why?

This, then, is my problem and my perplexity. I am a product of new times and new habits of thought. Religions and creeds are falling to ruins about me. There is no universal idea of God, but each man must build his own concept. The hand of Darwin is heavy upon all established beliefs—upon all the old moral order. The world is no longer the centre of the universe, or man the mightiest product of the Creator. Astronomers have marked the day when our planet, bound with ice from pole to pole, shall fall back into a lifeless sun and æons later evolve into another solar system, new and strange beyond all imaginings. Scientists have laid down and proved the laws of the indestructibility of matter and force—never the loss of an atom in the universe—never a reduction in the sum total of energy—only a change in the material forms that they wield and dissolve themselves into. And I can already imagine some great metaphysical scientist laying down the same law in regard to life—a flux definite, unvarying, eternal, changing only its form of expression.

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When the awakened mind slowly reaches up and grasps these great truths, and turns the thunder of their import upon the world it has been taught to know, there issues a tumultuous upheaval as when an inrushing tide strives to beat against an outrushing current. My whole life has been founded upon and builded about with traditions and habits that originated centuries before the present awakening. The Bible that I once held inviolable, the preachings of wise men that I strove to emulate, the famous heroes, the love of country, the glory of war, the constitution, the very tenets of American democracy; all the propaganda that I set upon a pedestal and blindly worshipped, are now rocking and crashing about me in hopeless confusion and chaos. I sit amidst the desolation, stunned and shocked, but still hopeful.

And some thoughts there are that have not fallen, which still stand pure and beautiful. Let me try to set forth those beliefs that no science and no education can destroy.

I believe, salvation or no salvation, things to be hoped for, or a future doomed, that mankind is governed by wide, rational rules of conduct, and that the infringing of them is a crime for which the offender in one way or another will surely suffer. I do not believe these rules to be hard and fast, but merely relative, taking into consideration all abnormal situations and circumstances. Thus, if the crime which a man commits is due more to the environment in which he was helplessly placed than to his personal character, his environment shall share with him the penalty. No man can accurately define sin, but to every man has been given the rudiment of a conscience, which, if properly developed, will announce to him his transgressions of the moral order. Roughly, then, an individual, to be happy, to be a necessary and helpful part of the world, must be temperate, patient, clean-minded, and over and above all, kind. He need not necessarily be amenable to law or to public opinion, but only need be governed by his conscience and the sane, rational rules of conduct which human experience has laid down as fundamental. If a man be temperate, helpful and kind, it matters not how he think or act, for in doing these things he is fulfilling the major portion of his worldly duty—he is recognizing the importance

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and the place of his fellow-man. And this is the ultimate goal toward which all law and all public opinion strive.

And from this basis, broad and embracing as it is, I branch out into a maze of conjecture and speculation. When the child, living only from day to day, has given place to the youth surrounded with new interests, new realms, new possibilities of diversion, and he in turn has grown to the thinking man who has seen and read enough to realize dimly the complexities, the sorrows, the shortcomings of the world—what then? Where lies his way? What can he do after all to bring on the millennium? What have great and good men of the past done that they are worthy of emulation? Where lies Truth,—or is there no Truth? What is Nature that we should call it God? Beautiful, yes. Wonderful, yes. But still bearing in itself the ceaseless, desperate struggle for existence—the survival of the fittest. The fish in the seas devouring one another; the trees crowding each other on the hillside; the lion hunting the lamb; the pitiless winds, and the scorching desert. In all these things there is no rest, or goal, or positive evolution, only the mad beauty of life flaring and dying.

Granting man an integral part of this universe, what is his destiny? If it be that he should, as do the forces of nature, go on struggling blindly, beautifully, ineffectually, for his few short years, why is it that he has been given the strange, sweet thing we call a soul? Why is it that he rises, as do none other of earth's creatures, to heights of self-abnegation, consecration and devotion that mark him utterly apart from the cosmic surge of a materialistic universe? Animals coöperate through instinct—the mother-love, the pack against pack, the brotherhood of mutual protection against danger. But man, having all these instincts, goes so much further—sacrificing his life and happiness for a creed, a dogma, an unsexed affection or a patient, unrewarded duty. He is so much a part of his material environment and yet at times is so gloriously emancipated from it.

What does it all mean?

Is the soul a toy God has given man for his temporary amusement as He gives the May wind to butterflies?—so Haeckel and the monistic philosophers believe. Or is it a true treasure box

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for which we have yet to find the key? I cannot believe but that, if it be a true gift, it was given to all men to share and develop alike.

And if this be so, how little is all we have accomplished so far. Everywhere, misery, squalor, degradation, pomp, poverty, viciousness, parade, vainglory. We have come but such a little way as a race, and we have had such glorious inspirations and dreams as individuals.

I do not like to believe that the soul is a toy—a petty emotion. But if it be more, then there must be, somewhere across the forest of things, a path straight and sure and long which will ultimately lead man to a Utopia where he obeys more completely that higher dictate and where happiness and peace for the overwhelming majority may be found. Who is to find that path? None of this century or for centuries to come—certainly no one individual. But leaders and disciples there must be. Here lies my problem. What shall I do, what shall I think, what shall I believe in order that I may add my infinitesimal light to the radiance of the brotherhood of man that looms so far ahead?

The more I contemplate this matter, the more I am convinced that definite rules avail but little. They lead to abnormalities of conduct and thought that often set one at cross purposes to the flux of progress. A book is written, or a prophet speaks, outlining a definite scheme of existence. Presto! here and there little groups of earnest men and women organize themselves into societies pledged to follow this plan. And the world stands by and laughs while your Brook farms go down in ignominious failure.

No. The problem is so huge, so complex, that no mind—not even that of the man Jesus—is great enough to say *thou shalt* and *thou shalt not,* through all the detail of human existence. Whatever ideals we may erect must be relative, enclosed between generous limits, upper and nether. My fundamental belief as to our duty to our fellow-men lies safely within this restriction. But kindness, straightforwardness and cleanness are at best passive and individual virtues. I want next a constructive element in my idealism. The feeling that one is doing his small part for the generations yet unborn, clamors for a place. And wise and

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great men have in an infinitude of ways diligently sought to give an outlet for that feeling. We are urged to support socialism, single tax, woman's suffrage, organized charity, the referendum, the recall, government by commission, Bahaism, Christian Science, Humanitarianism, eugenics, universal peace, and so forth, endlessly.

To all of these landmarks of progress, lives and fortunes have been pledged and consecrated. Who is to tell me which to choose and which to follow? Every one is a life study in itself and many,—though not all—if they were carried to the goal of their most ardent exponents, would work as much mischief as good, when viewed from the standpoint of a world-state.

Ah! that is the word I have been waiting for—a world-state. There lies the ultimate criterion. In the last analysis reform is not operating that England or France or the United States or Argentina should rise to national and social efficiency and happiness, but that the world and all its host of struggling brothers and sisters should so rise. Patriotism, love of country, of state, of birthplace, have got to go down before a more embracing love. Whenever and wherever the local or the national instinct operates to further its own advancement, and at the same time sacrifices and impedes the legitimate growth of another locality or nation, progress comes to a halt. So the true reformer must begin by wiping from his slate all measures which tend to benefit certain classes while they increase the burden upon others.

And this is about as far as I have come along the unexplored pathway. As captain of my soul, I must be kind and loving; as a citizen of the world-state I must remember my brothers. The first proposition every man will grant admirable, though a trifle antiquated. The second smacks of Tom Paine, but may be worthy of study in the abstract, I can hear a critic saying.

But the second, taken literally, runs wildly amuck among every precedent and all the gods of tradition. What does it mean to be a citizen of a world-state, dispassionately, honestly, without cant, without hypocrisy? It means the denial of creed and of fatherland, the shattering of the ideals of military glory and of personal honor, the forswearing of position, riches, honors and all the goals of ambition to which the old régime has tempted

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men to aspire. It means the utter severing of caste and caste prejudice—the negro, the Hottentot, the Armenian, ultimate brothers. It means the denial of human nature—the Moloch before which the major portion of the thinking world now falls down and worships. It means the sundering of tariffs, boundaries and conventions. It means the destruction of individual and collective tensions which to-day we cannot move without encountering, and the precipitation of the whole vast, stilted, distorted, spasmodically beautiful mass into one calm flux of problematical well-being.

These rambling, incoherent, half-meditated thoughts are the legacies which the twentieth century bequeaths to young men. Strange, bitter-sweet thoughts they are—but I, and the thousands who are wandering through the forests with me, cannot but thank God for them.

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A REAL SCHOOL

B. H. CROCHERON

IT was in the Pullman smoker that I heard of the school from a man who had been there and believed in it—queer the people you meet in a smoker on a long day. He said there was nothing like it anywhere else: a Greek survival, an altruism come true, a school of the out-of-doors and of humanitarianism. So I hastily gathered my small luggage and got off at the little station in the Piedmont hills; the man in the smoker waving good-bye and shouting to tell the Boss that he had sent me.

The school "bus" was there at the depot in charge of "Old Hughey," as the boys call him. As his horses ambled their familiar way up the hill, Old Hughey—who is a bit of a philosopher as well as "bus" driver—told me something of the school. It seems the "bus" is always at the station to meet all incoming trains; "So nobody won't never feel lonesome landin' in," said Old Hughey.

"It's queer," he said, "the way folks feel comin' to a new place alone; but if they find some one waitin' to speak to 'em cordial like, they feel to home at once."

Hughey said that there were a hundred boys at the school, "all the Boss would take"; and that "they didn't have no trouble with 'em for the almighty simple reason that they treat 'em so blame square that they just have to act right"—which "they most always did," according to Old Hughey, "but then," he added thoughtfully, "our boys are gol darn nice fellers."

The road wound up the hills of Northern Maryland over a wide macadam through groves of old oaks, reminding one dimly of England, and with occasional vistas over the pastures and across little valleys. Hughey pointed out the great white barns of one of the school farms where some of the boys in khaki suits and flaming neckerchiefs were driving in a herd of Guernsey cattle. Hughey explained that the color of the neckerchiefs designated the class to which the student belonged, that all the boys worked on the farms three hours a day and that—wonder of wonders—they liked it.

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Finally the driveway came out on the expanse of the school quadrangle. I wish I could tell you how it looked that day in its solid setting of green. To begin with, the main building did not "feel" like a school at all but had the atmosphere of an old Tudor mansion, with its half-timber and plaster, projecting gables and casement windows, turrets and deep embrasures, while over it all climbed a profusion of vines to meet the flaming flower boxes at the windows. This, the main building, was at the head of the quadrangle with the principal's residence connected thereto. Along the sides, half hidden in the trees, were cottages, the school homes of the students, while at the further end was a low spreading building which I learned was the "shops," where the students made the furniture that had grown so famous and where they also mended wagons and shod horses, wired elaborate electrical connections and learned to repair faulty plumbing. "Them shops is a great thing on rainy days," said Old Hughey. Beyond was a rolling series of well-tilled farm lands and many acres of countryside, much of which, I was told, the school owned. But when I admired the view with its peace and plenty, Hughey hastily cut me short with "Yer ain't seed no view yit," and started off his horses, leaving me to be greeted by a man whom I understood to be the Principal, or in local parlance, the "Boss."

The name of my smoker-acquaintance seemed sufficient to insure me a welcome to the school and its hospitality. "Since you are really interested in the school as a constructive enterprise for the making of men," said the Principal, "we will install you with the students in one of the cottages." Calling a passing boy, he asked him to show me to the guest-room in Adams House. "I'll see you at dinner," he added, "and remember that I expect you to spend the evening with me before my study fire."

The boy led me across the lawn of the quadrangle to one of the cottages wherein, he said, lodged sixteen students and an instructor. "But the instructor doesn't run our house, you know. We fellows are responsible for everything, for we manage all our own affairs at this school, although of course," he added, with care to be truthful, "the Seniors have the most to say. I'm a Senior this year."

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"No doubt you will be glad to graduate and get out," I observed.

"I guess you haven't been here very long," said the boy.

The cottage proved to have its first floor given to a large living-room in which were a fireplace, long tables covered with books, big easy chairs and deep windowseats. The furniture was of the heavy oak type so characteristic of the school, and made, I learned, from the oaks on the farm woodlands which had proved extremely profitable through the years of intelligent forest management. On the walls were pictures and trophies from over the world, sent back by those who had lived there and had not forgotten the school home in their later wanderings.

On the floor above were alcoves, each holding the beds and belongings of two boys. I noted the big casement windows that were opened at night and made all practically one outdoor sleeping apartment. I heard a great splashing and laughing and was shown in the bathroom where a half dozen boys were trying to get under one shower at once. It seems that there is in each cottage a back stair leading to a locker room where the boys leave their khaki clothes, used in the afternoon work on the farms, and then enter directly into the shower-bath before going to their rooms to dress for dinner. There was a fine democracy about it all that mitigated against the rather luxurious appointments of the school. I learned later that many of the splendid fittings had been made by the students through successive generations, gathered gradually by the accumulations of years.

From a windowseat in the living-room, I watched the boys—dressed this summer night in white trousers and shirts—gathering on the porches of the cottages around the quadrangle. Then there came a soft chiming of bells from the clock tower on the main building—I learned later that they were Japanese chimes, the gift of a former student who had become secretary of legation at Tokyo. With that there was a rushing and scrambling of the belated ones and we all set off for dinner toward the main building. There I was met by the Boss, attired exactly like his students. He explained that in fine summer weather dinner is eaten out-of-doors at about sunset, the hour varying somewhat with the season.

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But I was entirely unprepared for the place to which he led me.

On the other side of the main building—the side away from the quadrangle—there had been built a great curved pergola that reached perhaps three hundred feet in a half circle, its centre close to the big building, its ends far out on a terrace. Beneath this pergola was an oak table with benches facing a pool, terraces, gardens of flaming flowers, and, perhaps, thirty miles of rolling country, of woods and of hills. It was an Italian, almost Oriental, scene. As I looked from the gathering groups of young men under the cool, vine-hung pergola and noted the pool of water hemmed in by the balustrades, stairs and formal gardens that led to lawns, pasture-lands and countrysides, I felt keenly the charm of it all.

The view was not that flat map-like view of him who looks off some awful mountain-top out on a plain below, but the charming perspective that comes in the land of the little hills to him who from their shoulders peeps over the vales and hillocks toward the haze of the horizon. It was the charm of middle England or Southern Italy, the peace of a well-tilled countryside. On this late summer afternoon all this world seemed with folded wings to rest in the warm sunshine or to sleep in the long purple shadows. In the near valley flashed a river, on the hillsides stood deep green patches of woodlands, showing here against the yellow stubble lands, and there beside the lighter green of the corn fields or the rich brown of fresh turned loam. Over it all was a piercing blue sky that toned down to a pale shell where it met the lavender hills at the horizon. It was like a rich brocade called into being and vibrant with life, drifting beyond into the distance; where it gained the tone and texture of an old and faded Oriental carpet. I understood now what the old stage-driver had meant when he had said that I had not yet seen the view. Best of all, the sky beyond was the West, where a summer sun was sinking behind fluffy clouds that would soon be turned all the colors of the long sunset.

At a signal we were all seated behind the table, the Principal and I in the centre, while reaching out in a long line to the ends of the pergola were the boys, making a tremendously fine appear-

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ance with their white clothes and sun-burned faces. The dinner was simple and served on the bare oak. To me it seemed exceptionally good. Perhaps this was because of the zest and fine spirit with which it was accompanied, or perhaps because almost all of it came from the farms of the school, as the Principal explained. I can't tell you what there was to eat except that I recall Maryland chicken and many fresh vegetables, washed down with milk or new-made cider, as one chose, great jugs of both being placed along the length of the table.

As we ate there was much merry talk; not the sort of talk that one hears in city clubs, but talk of the farms and their crops, of baseball games between the rival teams from the cottages, of the camp in the deep woods where the boys went on their forestry, and of a horseback trip through the mountains on which some were soon to start. Their thoughts seemed all on out-of-door things.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking lower and reflecting all the cloud and sky colors in the level water of the semi-circular pool that lay so placidly in its marble rim. I learned that the pool is used for swimming when many students gather there for a dip before breakfast and that I, too, was invited to join them in the morning. As the colors deepened, the talk died down in the presence of the "daily miracle." While we watched the changing landscape and cloudscape, the chimes came softly again from the high clock tower behind us. So the students gradually filtered away; some for lessons to be studied, others to the barns which must be closed securely for the night and others to the terraces and lower flower-gardens, where I afterwards heard them singing. But the Principal and I went back to his book-lined library where a log-fire was kindled, for the nights were cool and the windows open. There, over our cigars, he explained something of the school and its work.

It seems that the school is really a training ground for those who wish to take up a country life. It is called a "country-life school." The boys are between fourteen and twenty-two. They come for training in the ability to make a living in the open country and to make their lives there well worth while both to themselves and to the communities in which they live. The school is

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in session from the end of February till Christmas, as it is believed that a rural life school should be in session especially when the open country is active.

There are only a hundred students. "Because of the particular system practised in this school, we can never hope to have a large number of students and we, therefore, seek not to attract the average boy but to seek out the exceptional one who can profit more largely from the benefits here and who, we hope, will become a leader in his home community after graduation," so spoke the Principal.

It seems that it is a combination of work and play; there are books and lectures in the morning hours, followed by a long recess at noon for games and athletics and finally the active day closes with three hours of practical work on the farms.

It was explained that the agricultural course was made predominant, but that also a thorough training is given in all the usual subjects common to secondary schools.

The unusual feature seemed to be the management of the farms and the training which the students are given there. During the first two years the students are required to do all kinds of farm work under supervision till they gain proficiency in each operation. I learned that the students, many sons of wealthy families, went out and ploughed and hoed, milked cows and drove horses till they could do all of it well. By the third year the student is promoted to become a farm foreman and is placed in charge of the lower class boys working in one department on one of the farms. He, in fact, acts as their instructor and is made responsible for their work, thereby gaining proficiency in the art of handling men. These third-year students rotate through the different departments, being foremen for a time in the dairy, next in the orchards, again in the grain fields, and on until they have completed an experience in the work in all lines. In their fourth year the boys select one branch for specialization and become actual farm managers in charge of the foremen and men in that department. There they have supreme charge for a year under the advice of the school instructor. The Principal admitted that they sometimes made grave mistakes, but he also said that the school was for the purpose of giving them a chance

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to try their hands at the real management of a real farm and that mistakes were to be expected.

Our talk was interrupted by several students who came, evidently, with something weighty on their minds. After a little hesitation, perhaps because of my presence, they told their story. It seems that their worry was all over one, Bill Summers, who proved not to have the "right sort of spirit." By questioning it came out that they felt that Bill was out of sympathy with the real ends and aims of the school; that he had a great desire to be a "heavy sport"; was "darn selfish" much of the time; and liked to "show off."

I felt a great wonder at it all, to hear students thus discussing another so frankly with the Principal. It evidently wasn't "tattling," for these were fine fellows come from a helpful attitude of mind to do what they could. They were seeking advice; it was like a consultation of physicians over poor Bill Summers, not a gathering of judges and witnesses.

The Principal questioned and learned details about Bill, telling a few anecdotes of other Bills in the past and promising to take the matter up at the earliest opportunity. "It would be too bad if Bill went to pieces," said one of the students at parting.

"Yes, yes," rejoined the Principal; "we mustn't let him do that. I'll take him on the camping trip next week if one of you fellows will give him your place."

Times have changed indeed. A student deserves to be reprimanded and they take him on a camping trip to better his spirit and broaden his sympathies. Evidently there are more queer things to this school than its method of teaching agriculture.

Across the quadrangle in the starlight I tried to ask them what was meant by taking Bill Summers camping as a cure for his constriction of soul, but I couldn't get much information. It seemed to be a close or closed subject.

Later three of the Seniors came into my room, after the lights were out, and perching on the windowseat and foot of the bed, told me some of the ways that the school works for the building of character and kindliness in men. It was all rather indefinite—I am not sure that they understood it very fully themselves—but it seems to be a system whereby the poorest students

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are brought into contact with a group of the best and strongest, a system where the "Boss" has heart-to-heart talks with each of them and tells each how he appears to the multitude—points out his shortcomings as well as his small successes. All this is coupled, apparently, with a great belief in the honesty and integrity of the boys' nature. It all sounds very cold as I try to analyze it thus on paper, but when I heard the thrill in the voices as they tried to explain, I knew that, somehow or other, the thing works. Perhaps this accounts in part for the peculiar and delightful atmosphere of the school—this general note of mutual confidence and helpfulness.

Next morning I was awakened by the boys calling me to come with them to the swimming pool. So, equipped with a bathrobe and rough towel, I followed across the quadrangle to the pool which, so quiet the night before, was now alive with youngsters swimming and splashing in the cool water. Some of the boys had gotten up early to milk, thus completing half of their daily farm work; and there was a tale told of a refractory cow and a novice freshman; at which, with the stimulation of the cold water and the crisp air, you just couldn't help laughing. I caught a glimpse of the Principal, who shouted his regret that he couldn't join us that morning—some trouble in the creamery that had to be looked into at once; so he rode off on his horse toward the railway station.

Breakfast was served in the big dining-room in the main building. Each "house" sat at a table of its own with the instructor, though there seemed also to be some visiting about among the tables. After breakfast there was a scurry off to classes and I followed some of the boys into an English lesson.

Here another shock met my conservative ideals of school life. I had had no opportunity as yet to inspect the working plant of the school and had taken for granted the usual classrooms with rows of desks and seats. Instead, I was shown into a round turret room with an open fireplace and a circle of easy chairs. I looked in vain for desks. There were bookshelves well filled with reference volumes and on the walls some good pictures—but, somehow, it seemed traditionally incorrect. I couldn't sense any "classroom atmosphere." The instructor came in and

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dropped into one of the chairs, the boys grouping about him. It was more a discussion than a "lesson" that followed; something about the personality of Hamlet, but yet Kipling crept in too, for I remember that one of the boys quoted *The Light that Failed.* The thing was all very much alive and intensely interesting and I, for one, was sorry when the period for the class was over.

Afterward I wandered over the building, taking a glance in room after room. In mathematics there was a long table, liberal blackboards, and a great problem under solution of the relative time requirements under varying crop rotations actually in practice on neighboring farms. I saw a science class at work in the laboratory—chemistry, I think it was—and some tests of foods and fertilizers. I saw the auditorium, seating a thousand, which they told me is crowded on Sunday afternoons with people from the country around who are invited to attend the song services and who also flock in on the occasions when the school presents its Shakespearean plays.

But I can't tell all that the day disclosed to me of what it is possible for a really modern school to do; I can merely record my hurried impressions.

In the afternoon I was taken to the shops building and shown the wood shop where raw lumber is converted into tables and chairs, canoes and axe handles, farm wagons and book cases. We went into the forge shop where the boys were making gate latches and log chains and into the smithy where farmers of the neighborhood bring their horses to be shod by the boys of the school. I saw a gas engine in pieces and the parts coming through a pattern shop, moulding room and machine shop to final consummation and assemblage. Then there was the building construction department where the boys were putting up models of houses and barns which they designed as economical and efficient patterns, in substitution for the usual haphazard construction of the countryside.

But the most astonishing information the afternoon disclosed was that the boys are largely left to their own devices and to complete their work when it seems best to them. It is something like the German university system brought to America and

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adapted to a country-life school. The Principal called it a " system of individual responsibility." It seems that the instructor in each subject at the beginning of the year announces the requirements that will be considered a year of work and which, when completed and an examination passed, entitles the student to pass to a higher class. After this no effort is made to press him forward on his work, no reminders are given or threats issued. If the boy is active or especially intelligent he may complete the work before the end of the year; if lazy or dull he may be much longer. But the point seems to be that the responsibility for accomplishment is thrust on the student and he is free as air to manage his own time—but a day of reckoning is coming at the end of the year.

I do not know what the pedagogical aspects of the matter may be, but as I have thought of it since, it has seemed to be in essence a plain business platform and one in force elsewhere in all real life. I wondered if that system was not responsible for the independence and initiative so apparent in the students. The Principal admitted that occasionally the scheme didn't work, that students continued to be incorrigibly lazy, absolutely incapable of assuming responsibility for their own work, but he reminded me in homely metaphor that " you can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail " and that he believed the peculiar system brought great training to the majority.

Afterward we rode over the school farms on two of the saddle horses belonging to the place. It seems that many of the boys bring their own riding horses to the school or have one for their use when there, since the school is in a riding country.

We saw the fine crops on the farms with the students at work with them. We visited the orchards and were told how steadily for years the school had made an annual practice of planting a few acres till now the orcharding department had become exceedingly profitable. The crop is carefully packed and the best product shipped to a special market in England where it finds sale at an excellent price because of its high quality and uniformity.

We saw the poultry plant with its four thousand fowls, built up, I was told, from a start with a few dozen. We visited the

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piggery which utilizes much of the by-product from the creamery and the corn fields. We saw the flock of sheep on the rough steep pasture lands and finally came to the cowbarns just at milking time. The splendid herd in this barn is managed by a Senior student who appeared to have the detail of the whole matter well in hand. The cows are, of course, scientifically fed, and the milk is handled with expedition and care. Everything is sterilized and kept as clean as possible, the milk and cream being sold at a rather higher price than usual because of its low bacterial count. It is all marketed through a creamery and shipping station under the management of a student.

After dinner, with the Principal I sat on a stone bench at the side of the pool, watching the last glow of the sunset and the frail sickle moon reflected in the quiet water.

The boys were all out around a sort of altar or pyre in the centre of the quadrangle which seems to typify the centre of their school life and where they were holding their weekly "sing." It has become a custom of the school for each boy to add a small boulder to the rough rock base on which the wood fire is built and on that boulder to chisel his initials or name. Gradually through years the altar has come to be a memory of all those who have gone before and have built this up stone by stone. On these nights when for an hour the boys sing the school songs while a great fire blazes on top, it has become the habit of the people from the neighborhood around to attend to listen to the singing.

But here, by the quiet pool, we were all alone, the singing coming faintly and sweetly by the distance and the building that intervened. It was my last chance to get the real reason for it all, since I must surely leave by a night train. I asked about the financial management of the school and learned that it had been founded by a number of public-spirited citizens who recognized the germ of a fundamental movement in country education, that the school had been maintained by tuition paid by the students; and that additions and improvements had gradually been added through the accruing profits from the large farms.

But there was one more question I wanted to ask as I thought of this man devoting his time and energies so completely to a

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small school of a hundred students, so I asked him, "But why are you here; why do you do this?"

"Oh, that's the simplest of all," he said; "I'm here because I like it,—and because it seems an opportunity to be helpful in a small way."

As I went off to Old Hughey and the school "bus" I had found the keynote of the school. On these two things the whole plan hinged: a happy environment and a desire to help folks.

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THE NEW HEALTH

F. C. WALSH, M.D.

HEALTH, in its daily application, is a variable term. It means different things to different people. Even medical science, which would scorn the idea of appearing paradoxical, makes occasional reference to conditions of "poor health." This is not due to paucity of language, but rather to obscurity of conception. Real health, good health, requires no qualifying except in a superlative sense; but even superb health of such a radiancy as to make its presence felt is so rare that when it does exist it is not given its proper label,—"beauty" or "magnetic personality" serves instead.

All this is wrong. Too often any reference to health has only a comparative meaning. We eternally hear people comparing present states of health with those of yesteryear. These rises and falls like the fluctuations of a wheat pit belong to the realm of disease; a truly healthy state never varies. The trouble is that health has hitherto been considered too often from the standpoint of disease. In its true conception it should be as superlative as the superman of Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw, and as energetic in its overflow as the dynamic strenuosity of a Roosevelt.

This idea, new in formation and rapidly gaining force in the scientific world, requires reiteration for its clear expression. Health is, more or less, a surplus of stored-up energy, and it is a very loose way of thinking to define it as a "freedom from disease." Such a conception lays too much stress on disease and places health in a false light. It gives disease the centre of the stage, and relegates health to the position of a Cinderella before the appearance of the fairy godmother. In fact, medical science has erred in bestowing all its attention on diseased humanity while suffering the healthy to shift for themselves. Health for health's sake—health as an asset making for happiness and efficiency—has never been preached except by some laymen whose enthusiasm and good intentions surpass their scientific knowledge. We need a gospel of health, and we could do

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far worse than do the Chinese, who pay their physicians only when the latter keep their following in good health. There is some justice in this, for the healthy of this world have a right to greater health just as the saints, as opposed to sinners, ever hope for greater sanctity. A passive health or a passive religion is equally deplorable. Health, like morality, should be something more than a shadowy negation. Surely morality is something quite different than a mere absence of immorality; if this were not so morality would have no value whatever.

No one ever questions the morals of an oyster; but on the other hand none would credit the oyster with assisting in the advancement of the morals of its environment. In our human environment denominated community there are frequent majorities of passive and negative individuals of the mollusc type,—they are passive in health and negative in morality. Both are obstacles to advancement and efficiency. The best reference of the one consists in never having been in prison; the boast of the other consists in never having been confined in a hospital, was "never ill a day in his life," and yet, measured by the true ideals of health and morality, they are merely free from the taint of immorality and disease.

Such people, viewed from the vantage point of true health, assume too much. Their idea of health is a sort of compromise between inferior health and some one form of definite disease. In their assumption and boast of perfect health they forget the one or several diseases which ran their course in the days of remote infancy or childhood. These diseases too often leave their mark unseen, only to show in some obscure affliction of later life.

Judged by the ideals of the new health, it is just as important to stamp out measles, scarlet fever and all that treacherous accompanying host, as it is to eradicate either cancer or tuberculosis. A man may escape tuberculosis or cancer; he may be free from disease in the ordinary sense of that expression; he may, as a result of right living, congratulate himself that his prospects for a ripe and healthy life are of the best. But in this he is frequently mistaken. There still stands against his credit that formidable array of the forgotten diseases of childhood.

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The child of the past, now become a man of forty or fifty, begins to suffer from the damage done by some disease of early life, from which at the time he had apparently made a full recovery. Scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough now manifest their destructive ravages decades later in the form respectively of Bright's disease, heart trouble, or a chronic bronchial ailment. If all the afflictions of later years which are primarily due to childhood diseases could be lumped together, it is probable that the number of these which cause death ultimately would total greater than the corresponding fatalities from tuberculosis or cancer, or both together.

Ideas on health need a general revision, principally upward. Take as illustration a man applying for a big life insurance. He passes the examination successfully. This does not signify he is in perfect health according to the highest conception of health. It means that he is about as healthy as the average man who carries life insurance; it means that he may be expected to live about as long as the average "free from disease" man of the same age. It does not mean even that much unless his arteries and blood-pressure have been carefully tested. It certainly does not signify that he has any surplus of energy or efficiency, or that he will live as long as he could and should according to the ideals of the new health, which ideals themselves perhaps derive subconsciously from some phases of the work of the optimistic Metchnikoff.

Stepping over into the realm of disease for a moment, it must be admitted that a great deal has been done, and will be, by preventive medicine. The stamping out of malaria, yellow fever, typhoid and similar infections means much, but not everything. After the eradication of all epidemics and contagions, a great conquest in the interests of humanity will have been achieved, but there will still remain disease problems to be solved. Perfect health, individual or communistic, cannot result from mere elimination. Surely it is a low ideal which is satisfied with the preventing and cure of disease and the attempt to render the unfit more fit. Such an ideal is not sufficiently constructive in its aims. True enough, everything is now tending towards a socialization to a higher or lower level, a uniformity held to-

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gether by a chain no stronger than its weakest link. But in applying this tendency, so to speak, to matters of health in any constructive sense, only a half-good can be accomplished, and perhaps not even that. The ideal health must rise to greater heights; for the ultimate good, and that is the measure of all things, it must be individualistic in a positive way; prevention and elimination in a broadly social sense will not suffice. To be wholly healthy and efficient, instead of being only a half or a quarter so, humanity cannot forever afford to carry a load which a higher ideal will permit us to shunt. Humanity, through individual effort in health matters as in other things, must build to greater heights, or fail. Paternalism may prevent disease, but it cannot prevent the individual from putting the wrong thing into his stomach. Each must teach himself to become one hundred per cent. efficient, unlimited in powers of mind and body. It was William James, I believe, who said there were no limits to the powers of the human mind. The eccentric Belgian artist, Wiertz, depicted the same idea symbolically in a most inspiring canvas on exhibition in Brussels. The thought thrills us with the pride of our humanity, but such power, if it ever be a common realization, must be based on a superabundance of health which will not know the anguish of physical aches and pains except those due to accident. Mental suffering will afflict humanity always, but that is the privilege of our high destiny.

Everywhere we can point to accomplishment. Aside from the stamping out of contagions,—their prevention in other words —the great hope of the medical world lies in the further discovery of specific serums and a wider application of the principle of chemo-therapy. On the one hand, science is seeking a special serum to kill or offset each separate and distinct infectious disease. Antitoxin, now long known as a cure for diphtheria, still stands in the lead. It is one of the glories of medical achievement; the same may be said of the serum or vaccine recently put into use for the prevention of typhoid. The hope of the future is to "vaccinate" against everything. It is a superb idea, but it is not going too far to fancy that, if it were possible, the human body would be nearer a state of ideal health if it could do without both disease and the serums invented to

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cure and prevent it. If practical medicine can get along without a philosophy, well and good; its younger sister, hygiene, certainly will benefit by deep counsel.

The other hope, chemo-therapy, has made rapid strides recently and gives promise of further achievement. The term means nothing more than the use of certain chemical compounds —quite different from serums—for the direct destruction of special parasites which enter the blood and cause disease. The idea, though not definitely crystallized until lately, in reality dates from the use of quinine in malaria, which is a typical instance of treatment by chemo-therapy in a parasitic disease. Ehrlich, the hero of the last International Medical Congress convened a short time ago in London, has become the leader in this field through reducing the idea to a principle of treatment and the wide application of his own discovery in dealing with the Scarlet Plague. The use of quinine or some similarly acting compound in the treatment of hydrophobia will be the next extension of this idea, for through the discovery of Noguchi, the Japanese, the parasite which causes the disease has at last been isolated. In the tropics especially, the parasitic and fatal diseases common to equatorial regions will probably be stamped out by this latest agency of chemo-therapy.

But after all ideals advance faster than discovery. The hopes just outlined promise nothing more than the fulfilment of old-fashioned notions of health—and even the prevailing notions of to-day—the negative health. It all has its great and glorious usefulness in the steady march of human progress towards comparative health and happiness; it is destructive as against disease, but not essentially constructive towards health in the best and newest sense of the word.

A healthy man should want more health, just as an educated mind ever tries to improve on its own culture. The best flowers are not grown by merely keeping the garden free from weeds; the rose needs much in the way of nourishment, sunlight and the morning's dew. In the past we have dealt with the abnormal mind and diseased body too exclusively. Hygiene has been little more than a negation, a hint of what not to do. That young science is just beginning to realize that it has a future.

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Our whole duty does not consist in attempting to bring the mentally defective up to the normal standard, an impossibility at the best; the physician's duty is not ended when the sick man no longer suffers from disease. All this, and the great work of public health and social service, is a step in the right direction, but it is only a step. The normal minds and bodies also have their rights, very important ones, and it is the proper function of science, in pushing toward the ultimate goal, to guide, assist and counsel the well as much as the weak, the ailing and decrepit. We must try to bring the normal a step higher if only in the sense of conservation. We must give the healthy man, woman and child a chance. In love and charity let the weak and suffering be attended to as far as circumstances will permit; but these are only the vine, after all; the healthy man is the oak, and he cannot be too strong to weather the storm and stress which ever hamper and oppose humanity in its onward progress.

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OUR LADY OF THE WOOD

TERESA HOOLEY

SOFTLY through the little wood
Came the Queen of Heaven;
Paused, and stood.
Bluebells deep as mists of even,
Like the shadow dim and sweet
Of the robes around Her feet,
Fragrant, fair,
Soon were growing, blowing there.

Mary thought of Christ the child,
Playing at Her knees,
Dear and mild—
Mother-thoughts amid the trees.
Wood-anemones all white
Where the thoughts fell sprang to light,
Pure and pale,
Tender, sacred, starlike, frail.

Primroses of happy gold
Smiled up from the grass:
"Us behold,
Mother Mary, as You pass!
Aureole about His head,
Your bright hair above Him spread:
Stoop and see—
We are golden also, we!"

So She slowly, softly trod
Down the woodland way—
She and God;
Watched the lights and shadows play:
And wild parsley fresh and green,
With the growing ferns between,
Small and shy,
Paved the path as She passed by.

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THE RING OF THE GREAT WISH

GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

KNEPH was making the first man, clumsily, for the clay was coarse and the god's hands fumbled. But at last he leaned back from his potter's wheel with an air of fatuous pride. Then up came Isis holding a corner of her veil to her lips, like a woman who laughs behind her apron secretly; yet—there were tears in her slanting black eyes. She took the ugly little creature from the wheel and held it to her great breast, singing under her breath while Kneph, pleased with his artistic success, blundered ahead with another bit of clay, like a bad artist who cannot possibly be stopped from spoiling good material; and he turned out rams and bulls and apes. And these were really not so bad. He seemed to have forgotten that first experiment, but Isis looked down upon it forebodingly as it lay within her veil.

A vague wind was blowing through the tremendous hall of the Underworld. Sometimes it was sharp like the crying of women and children, sometimes it snarled with the noise of fighting, and again it would be sweet like the talk of lovers.

And always the great gods moved softly about their business, taking thousands of years to some trifle like the levelling of a mountain or the turning of a river; but no one paid much attention to the wind, and Kneph sat contentedly at his wheel making one thing after another, until Isis spoke:

"Kneph, Kneph, you bungler! This will never do. He is like us."

The great horned head lifted and the ram's face wrinkled comically with perplexity.

"Eh? Who is it? Oh, that. Yes. That was a little idea of mine. Rather clever, what?"

"Clever! Oh, it will never do at all! He is finding out how to love, and he so little and weak!"

"Well, now, I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about it. You can turn him over to Anubis if you like. He was only an experiment." A lean black shadow crept out from under the

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Potter's wheel. "Get away!" said Isis. But Anubis stood his ground, looking up wistfully with dripping jaws.

Kneph yawned, pushed his wheel aside and turned to stone, which was his way of going to sleep.

"Osiris!" called Isis, softly. A tender pink light grew in the temple as if sunrise were shining right down through the rocks and sand into the Underworld. Everything grew soft and warm and alive, as a beautiful giant stood beside Isis and kissed her. Then, and not till then, Anubis slunk back under the Potter's wheel and went to sleep with Kneph.

"So many things have been happening to-day," said she, leaning her head against Osiris's shoulder. "Kneph has made a man. I knew it would turn out badly and it has. The little thing has learned how to love. Think of it. Do you remember how when they killed you, I hunted everywhere and found you and put you together again? What I suffered!"

"But love is good," smiled Osiris.

"For us who never die. But this little creature that fades so quickly—that *he* should endure the great pains of it——"

Osiris looked mysteriously upward toward the sun and stars among which he had been busy when his wife called him.

"It may turn out all right," said he.

"It must!" She held the Man very tightly to her great warm bosom. "I'll not have his heart broken altogether just for a whim of Kneph's. Anubis, indeed!"

Osiris passed his arm about her waist and drew aside her veil which lay across the man's face, and the god's eyes were so bright that it was as if the sun were shining hot and strong.

"Love," pronounced Osiris, "needs no help of the gods. It is strong enough in itself."

"Perhaps—and yet, I should like to help. . . . Kneph! Oh, he is asleep again." She put an imperative hand on the stone shoulder and shook it. The great Ram yawned and became a god again.

"I wanted to sleep," he complained. "What has happened? Has Osiris let the sun go out? I told him to keep it alight for a million years yet, at least. Or was it more? I forget."

"There's nothing the matter with the sun. But if you will

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make experiments you must carry them to a decent conclusion. You are not going to leave him thinking and hoping and feeling and loving just for nothing—are you?"

Kneph scratched his horn and looked foolish.

"Come," said she impatiently. "Finish your work. He must have a soul."

"What, you wouldn't——"

"Continuance like us; yes."

So Kneph sulkily gave him a soul, and it is because of the unpleasant mood in which he did so that various troubles came with it. Indeed he hung back for several thousand years, while Isis argued. But one thing he flung into her hand, with a somewhat quizzical smile as a man humors a woman.

"You may give him that if you like," said he. It was the Ring of the Great Wish.

So that is the way man was made. How long afterward he returned the compliment and made the gods is only guesswork. Perhaps a million or two of years; such are the terms of geological guesses. It took him a long time to become skilled enough for that, it is certain.

And when he had built them very tall and grand in stone—Kneph and Isis and Osiris and Anubis, and Hathor and Thoth and as many more as he could think of and had time for—he forgot about the sand of the Libyan desert and how it kept sifting—sifting—sifting through the crevices of the rock exactly like the sand running from one half of an hour glass into another. So that in a very short time—not more than six thousand years—all his gods were so covered that their chins were level with the desert.

It was upon this indignity that Abram Parmalee was commenting under the Egyptian stars as he and little Professor Hanniver, the Great, sat out upon the sand above their great trench. For they had come to dig the gods out again.

Abram Parmalee was a young man, and very sorrowful. He had been clenching a cold pipe in his teeth for long, before Hanniver, having missed him in the dining tent, limped out among the yawning excavations to find him.

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"There they sit!" said Abram, pointing with the stem of his cold pipe to vague blots near and far upon the sand. "There are the gods that men believed in and prayed to. Think of the slaves who died in making them—you estimate a man's life for every stone in the pyramids, don't you?"

Hanniver nodded. "About that, probably——"

"The mere pity of their making," cried Abram, "should have been enough to create stone hearts in their bosoms and set them beating! Why do we patch and potter to increase man's knowledge of how the world and the race came about? We should be doing better services in trying to find out some method for derailing it all. . . .

"There they sit, the fools! grinning at us with their chins resting on the desert. I saw a vulture to-day in the coil of Kneph's horn, and a lion had tucked some bones under Isis's head-dress."

Hanniver smiled.

"And the crow's nest in the plumes of Osiris. What then? They smile at the sun as pleasantly as when they were quarried, and will keep it up when our trenches are full of Libyan sand again and the Museum to which we shall consign our mummies is itself a lost item of a dead city. . . . The sand should be level over their heads by then. And yet I do not quite gather the reason for your discontent. Are you vexed by the contrast between the stability of stone and the instability of flesh?"

"That is it—I suppose."

Hanniver hitched closer along the mound. His eyes, relieved of the dark glasses which he wore by day, shone deep and liquid in the starlight.

"You are very young," said little Hanniver. "And your trouble is a very great one. But Isis, over there, is six thousand years old. Presently she will be six thousand more. I was a young man once—and greatly troubled. One that I knew—married—as unhappily as you can possibly imagine. She—died within a year. I should have killed him before their wedding day. . . . I didn't. I went on my first exploration. . . .

"Digging up dead cities is very absorbing. Certain anæsthetics are necessary at times if life is to be preserved; by life I

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mean, somewhat narrowly, the power to direct one's brain force. I should place archæology in the first rank of such anæsthetics."

"Lucky man!" said Abram. "She died. You had not the agony of the one-chance-in-a-thousand hope."

"No. That is true. But she suffered greatly. Miss Armand, I understand, does not suffer?"

"How do we know? She lies as still as one of your mummies, but what proof can they give that she does not dream. . . . And—I did it. I killed her——

"'The patient's condition is unchanged,'" muttered Abram. He took out a book from his inner coat pocket and from its leaves extracted a sheaf of cable forms.

"Do you know how many times I've had that same message?" he said.

"Two months—one a day," calculated Hanniver. "Do you keep the sixty in your pocket?"

Abram tore the sheaf in two and flung the tatters into the depths of the trench.

"It was the wild asters," he said musingly. "They grow so high you can't see over them. She had spoken about wanting some, so when I saw them up a little lane I turned my machine in to get them. The road was filled from fence to fence. It looked as if it would be a short cut to the river road, too—that was why I turned the car in instead of leaving it on the main road. But she had already found her asters and was sitting down among them like a bird in the nest. She was reading—this is the book—there's a bloodstain by this line—

> 'So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on men.
> And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.'

"Queer it should be those lines, don't you think?"

"Death once dead," he repeated consideringly, looking out over the plain of ancient death.

He kept the book in his hand, finger between the pages.

"After taking her to the hospital I took the car up to the quarry and sent it over. They told me she might live, you see, or I'd have gone over with it."

Hanniver austerely dissented. "A man should keep his life

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as long as there is anything left to find out, or anything beautiful to look at, or any creature weaker than himself to be helped."

"Well, she wasn't dead, so I didn't go over. But——" Abram glanced over his shoulder, then took Hanniver by the elbow fiercely—

"There was an empty steamer chair beside mine on the deck as we came over. I was half asleep and I thought some woman was in it and wanted to speak to me. And I turned and no one was there. But when I drew my cap over my eyes and settled down again . . . she was there and wanting to speak, and —couldn't. It happened every day. Then I saw her in the Cairo bazaars. I would see her not six feet away—the very hat she wore, an iridescent feather in it, like those scarabs—the little gold bar pin at the back of her neck, and one wisp of curl that always stuck out over the right ear no matter how she did her hair—and when I got closer it would be a fat dowager or a Cook's tourist (once it was a veiled Egyptian woman)—some one without the least possible resemblance to her. . . . And my eyes are of the best. She—she mocks me so. . . ." His voice broke dismally.

"Just now she stood behind me trying to whisper something —trying so hard . . . I almost understood. It's not that she's unhappy, for she laughs, like a girl that is teasing one. In earnest, too, though. Oh, certainly in earnest. Can one believe nowadays that there is anything—*you* know—anything to hope for, once you're gone out of the body? For—she isn't in the body—she can't be. Her body doesn't decay—that's about all you can say of it. There's hardly more life in it than in one of your mummies."

Hanniver indicated the dead city with a sweep of his hand. "*They* believed it. At heart all men believe the same—always have. It is a natural law. . . . I was looking over a papyrus this afternoon—come to my tent and I'll show you. . . . Hearts have broken ever since the world began. The game is: to live on without them. It can be done. And I'll tell you a secret. You can't learn hope before you've learned despair. This," said Hanniver, with the calm air of one discussing an important matter, "is not generally known."

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Their shadows preceded them to a small tent that stood slightly aloof. In front of its buttoned flap the shadow of a Bedouin sitting cross-legged with rifle upon his knee rose and saluted. In the darkness of the tent as Hanniver struck a match odd shapes flared up and wavered against the canvas walls: things that had been in the tomb yesterday, dragged suddenly into sunlight and air, then jumbled into strange companionship. One fancied them to have been holding startled conclave. The wakeful enamel eyes of the latest mummy made the brightest point of the dusky huddle. Being without focus they stared at and through one, as if contemplating things of another time and place altogether. But the eyeless princess within the shell had been dead so long that one fancied the period of death to have been past and this state to be something else—like the inertia of stones.

Hanniver, holding a match over his head while searching for his candle, heard a choking sound behind him and turned to see Abram's face, white and pleading, his eyes fixed upon the grotesquely smiling mummy.

"Here too!" he said in a shaken voice. "See, Hanniver! Wouldn't you call her real? And that bunch of asters in her hands—you see *those*, don't you?"

He touched the mummy case as a man snatches at a woman's hand, and the illusion broke and dissolved. He threw an arm across his eyes with a sob.

"You see, Hanniver!" he groaned. "That's what she does."

Hanniver lit an alcohol lamp and warmed a can of broth. "Drink that," he said. When Abram had obeyed, he continued: "If I were you I should try to make a serious study of something. Take up archæology seriously instead of making an adventure of it. You acquire merit by financing us here—enormous merit; but you're missing the cream of it that you might have. I shouldn't have thought when I was your age that I could ever feel the pleasure I feel now and again at some new discovery. There's juice in the world to be got at even when a man's heart has gone dry—but you have to work for it. . . .

"I will read the translation I spoke of. It's rather interest-

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ing because from what I can make out yonder lady "—he pointed at the new mummy—" is no other than the Lady Bekta herself. To-morrow we'll take a look at her jewellery. Odd if she should still be wearing the ring. That *would* be a prize, eh?" Then he read:

" ' And when the potter Kneph had made the gods he made the beasts, and when he had made the beasts he made man: and man was a very little thing. But Isis looked upon him and Osiris looked upon him and they two had compassion. For, behold, he had love in his heart even as they had the one for the other. And so they asked of Kneph and he made them that talisman which is called even to this day the ring of Kneph of the Great Wish: by which, if any dead man wearing it upon his finger shall wish to come forth by day again into the world he may do so. . . . But no man being dead desired to live again until the Lady Bekta, because she was young and the smell of the lotos was yet sweet in her nostrils, and because the sound of the weeping of Ankhetep, her husband, was bitter in her ears, she could not be at ease in the Underworld; and Ankhetep placed the Ring of the Great Wish upon her finger. Wherefore, when she had been dead six days, she returned and rose and saluted her husband, and great was their rejoicing. And thereafter Bekta and Ankhetep lived for an hundred and ten years. And because they loved even with the love of Isis and Osiris, life was sweet between their lips even into their very old age. Nevertheless they were contented to lay it down. Since that time none having descended to the Underworld had returned thence. Wherefore it is understood that Kneph destroyed the ring. But this is not certainly known.'

" And there," concluded the Professor respectfully regarding the mummy, " she stands, and not improbably wears the ring by which she might, even to-day, reënter the world. Unless, as the story suggests, Kneph destroyed it."

" Because she was young . . . and the tears of Ankhetep were bitter!" repeated Abram softly. He buried his face in his arms, and his tears were no less bitter than the prehistoric ones of Ankhetep.

Hanniver watched him until the big shoulders heaved no

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longer and the body relaxed into sleep, which is said to be the best gift of all—save one—in the gods' bestowal. After a little Hanniver himself slept. And he dreamed strangely and pleasantly about one who had been dead for many years.

He woke to the noise of the falling mummy case. In the darkness was the sharp sound of ripping wood. When he struck a light he saw Abram taking a ring from the hand of the mummy. For as long as the flicker of the match he seemed to see the dead hand revealed by the torn wrappings, resist and clutch like a living one. By the time the lamp was burning steadily it disintegrated like a puff of dust, and case-wrapping and all collapsed into such ruin that Hanniver was never able to reshape it sufficiently to verify his suspicion that it was the mummy of that Lady Bekta mentioned in the papyrus.

Abram held up the ring—a marvel of blue and gold, that flashed like blue flame,—shouting that it was the Ring of the Great Wish. . . .

After that he became quite ill—and Hanniver sadly let the great work slip from his fingers to take him home. And throughout the weeks of that journey Abram kept the ring shut within his hand.

"This remarkable ring," runs Professor Hanniver's account of it (on page 512 of his *Report of the Excavations of the Parmalee Expedition,* in a foot-note), "now most unfortunately lost, was as perfect as if made yesterday, even to the veinings on the beetle's wings; the iridescence of the glaze had all the range of a peacock's feather. I had no opportunity to study it with exactness, but the inscription—so far as I could judge—was an archaic form of the 'Coming Forth by Day' hymn to Ra: 'Hymn of praise to thee, O Ra! Thou keeper of secret gates which are on the brow of the god Seb. . . . In very truth I have thrust through the earth. Grant that I may go forward and arrive at the stage of old age.'"

Kneph and Isis, looking down into the bright streets of the city, as you put your eye to a stereopticon, towered like pillars of smoke.

"Is that really my man down there?" said Kneph. "Well,

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I must say for a little experiment, he's not turning out so badly. Changed a good bit, isn't he!"

But Isis was looking not at the big iron buildings nor at the astonishing traffic contrivances, trolleys, subways, automobiles, but at various large plain quiet buildings standing here and there about the city. Her eyes grew bright. ("How bright the stars are!" said two lovers strolling in the Park.) Then she said: "He *has* changed! He is kinder. The black places"—and her great eyes looked here and there with sad comprehension—"are not so many nor so black as they were when a slave died for every stone that was placed upon a silly pyramid. He is kinder. Those buildings"—she pointed to the hospitals—"are for making the pain of the world less. What would the Pharaohs have said to that!"

"They may have grown wise, but they're still using my ring," said Kneph, with some gratification.

The gods all hurried to see, for they *had* been feeling a little like back numbers. To find a man believing in one of their talismans was as good as one of the old burnt offerings. They crowded about Abram as pleased as children as the carriage drove up to the hospital.

Abram opened his palm and stared at the ring. "It is alive," he said to Hanniver. "It burns my hand."

Dr. Barnes, the camp physician who had made the voyage with them, made a pass with his cane. "That cur has been following us," said he. "How like a jackal it looks!" He struck at it and his stick encountered no substance, but he merely thought he had missed.

"Jackal!" said Hanniver, looking back. He saw no jackal. For an instant he fancied he saw a woman in Arab dress, a woman with very brilliant eyes. However, he suspected no more than the doctor that the old gods were making one of their infrequent visits to the world.

The hospital corridors are very long. They might be narrow, clean white streets with house-door after house-door, shut and silent and numbered. It was very much, thought Hanniver, like the way the doors of tombs open into the underground streets

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of the dead—but different, with the exact difference between the world of then and the world of now, for then it was the dead man who was honored and had fortunes spent upon him, but to-day we try to do better by our living.

Isis said something of this to Kneph as the gods softly fell into step behind Hanniver and Abram and Dr. Barnes and the starched nurse. And Kneph retorted (he still is Kneph in spite of stupidity), "Nevertheless you see they take my ring with them"; which was vanity, pure and simple. Had it not been for Abram and his ring, Kneph would not have enjoyed his visit very much.

The gods, so used to tombs, felt old and embarrassed before that miracle of airy cleanness. The figure on the bed, however, was as still as a mummy. If it was dead, why then, things would seem more like Pharaoh's time, as all the dead are of the same age. They fixed their ancient eyes upon the still face expectantly.

The physician at the foot of the bed recognized young Parmalee with a grave face.

"You did not announce your coming, Mr. Parmalee, therefore my cables have not forewarned you. There has been a change."

"She is worse?"

"In a condition like this it is best not to hope too much, as I warned you in the beginning. The blood clot may absorb. Or there may be further lesions. Modern surgery can go far—but we cannot"—his voice twanged peevishly, for he had hoped much both as a man and a physician—"we cannot work miracles."

Something strange in Abram's manner called an attentive professional gleam to the physician's eye. He flung a questioning glance at Dr. Barnes, who nodded slightly. The great man lifted an eyebrow and did not leave the room as he had intended, for brains were the food and drink of his mind, and any new vagary of one was a gem for his great and precious collection.

Abram stood looking down at the girl with the strangest smile. A smile at such a time was not normal—not at all.

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Abram, still smiling, put the ring on the dead finger, and kissed the dead mouth.

The physicians exchanged glances—then bent over the bed with excited faces.

The lips which had been no more than a grey line flashed red, and parted in a deep breath. The head turned ever so slightly, as if seeking an easier position, and then—the eyes opened.

The doctor stepped quickly to the patient's side, but some one caught at his arm and drew him roughly back. It was neither Hanniver nor Dr. Barnes nor the nurse, nor Abram. He looked about dazed. The room was singularly dark. Who was that Oriental-looking person at the bed's head? And what was it that shone so on the girl's hand? Or was it anything at all, for it seemed a light that flickered out—as if the Oriental person touched it and it went.

The electric lights were burning, but lighting the darkness no more than stars. "Who let that dog in here?" said the doctor angrily, for he thought a great hairy head pushed up beside the cot, and that animal eyes—more sad than fierce—glimmered down at the girl. And then a woman's hand—could it be the nurse's?—thrust it aside. And the lights flared up and now the patient was smiling at them, wanly—but awake, surely awake!

The moment's trouble with the lights, the doctor thought, had meant something wrong at the power house only. And when he looked about for the dog it was gone. . . .

"You see we still have power," said Kneph complacently, as the gods drifted out again among the unsubstantial city vapors. The night was very dark. Isis looking upward shuddered to see that the hugest cloud of all those heaped against the moon was shaped like the head of a jackal.

"We!" said she. "We are shadows and have never been. It was the kiss. He has learned how to love with the love that forgets self and if any miracle worth the name can be wrought it is only by that means. We may go, Kneph; the world needs little gods like us no longer."

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Kneph seemed hardly pleased at her interpretation, but he yawned to cover any embarrassment he might feel.

"I believe I'm sleepy again," said he. "Suppose we go back to Egypt. . . ."

"Osiris!" called Isis, and the night which had deepened during the passing of Anubis, paled and broke into a pink flush behind the solid roofs of the city. The birds in the Park stretched their wings, stropped their beaks, and burst into formal salutations, *"O Amen Ra, O Amen"*—quite as correctly as Egyptian birds six thousand years ago.

On one of the benches sat a young man with a face as bright as that of Osiris himself. The doctors and nurses had hustled him away, not realizing it was he that had cured her. . . .

"Osiris!" said Isis. And the sun rose.

The two gods stood behind Abram's bench. Isis leaned her head against her husband's shoulder just like any other contented woman.

"That is Kneph's man," said she. "He has really learned something about love, and I shouldn't be surprised if he did very well after all. . . . Do you suppose Kneph meant it that way?"

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THE BURIAL

St. John G. Ervine

THE funeral procession from the girl's home to the graveyard was due to begin at half-past two, but long before that hour the crowd of mourners began to collect. They stood about the entrance to the lane leading to the churchyard, and waited. The home of the dead girl faced the lane, and the procession, therefore, would reach its journey's end in a few moments from the time when it began to move. Townsmen and neighbors mingled with men from the country and the hills, and fishermen from the bay where the girl was drowned; and each man as he came up to a group of his acquaintances spoke of the terribleness of the disaster, and then the talk circled round the affairs of the small town.

John Mawhinney came along the old road to Ballyshannon, and when he was by the lane, he hailed James O'Hara.

"How're you, James?" he said.

James O'Hara, a lean, foxy-looking man, turned at the sound of Mawhinney's voice. "Och, I'm just middling," he replied. "I've the queer cold on me! How is yourself?"

"Ah, I'm not so bad. Man-a-dear, this is a terrible sad thing about this young girl!"

"Aye, it is that. Man, I mind her when she was that height, the same wee girl!" He allowed his hand to fall to the level of his knees as he spoke. "And a smart wee girl she was, too! Aye! She always had an answer for you, whatever you said, she was that sharp!"

He looked up as he spoke and saw John McClurg approaching. "Is that you, John?" he said.

McClurg, a large, moon-faced man, with little smiling eyes, came puffing up to them.

"It is surely," he said in reply to O'Hara's greeting.

"I saw you in the market the fair-day," exclaimed Mawhinney, "but you weren't looking, and you didn't see me. Did you do well with your cattle?"

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"Ah, I didn't do so bad. I might have done better and I might have done worse!"

"Did you sell the wee heifer you had with you?" Mawhinney asked.

"I did not," replied McClurg. "I wouldn't take the price was offered for it!"

James O'Hara tapped him on the arm. "I suppose you've come to the funeral," he said.

John McClurg glanced across the road to the door of the house where the dead girl lay. "Well," he said, "I thought I would just dander into the town and show me respect to the dead, God rest her soul!" The three men raised their hats at his prayer. "What time does it begin?" he asked.

"They were talking about half-after two," replied Mawhinney, "but I'm thinking it'll be later than that. Sure, the mail train's not in from Belfast yet, and there's friends coming from there and from Derry, too, and they'll be wanting their dinner when they get here. It'll be three o'clock before ever they stir out of the door!"

"Aye, it will that," said James O'Hara, and then he turned and spoke to John McClurg. "Were you wanting much for your wee heifer?" he asked.

McClurg bit a piece of tobacco off a long twist of villainous stuff, and when he had chewed it in his mouth for a while, he spat yellow juice over the kerb, and then said, "You might think I was wanting too much, and I might think myself I was wanting too little."

Mawhinney broke into their conversation with a narrative of the drowning. "I saw her myself," he exclaimed, "before ever she went into the sea, laughing and joking like anything. Ah, God save us all from a death the like of her death!"

"Aye, indeed!"

"The poor wee girl," said McClurg. "They were a long time finding her!"

"They were, indeed!" replied Mawhinney.

"Would you be wanting five pounds for your wee heifer, John McClurg?" said James O'Hara.

"I would in faith, and a bit more on top of it!"

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"They found her just where she went down," continued Mawhinney, in the voice of a man who is reciting an oft-told tale. "Man, it's quare the way the body returns like that!"

"Aye, it is!"

A man standing by turned to Mawhinney and pointed to a man in a frock-coat who was knocking at the door of the dead girl's home.

"Who's that man with the tall hat and the long coat on him, do you know?" he said.

"I never seen him before that I can lay my mind to," Mawhinney replied. "He's a stranger in this town. Do you know him, James O'Hara?"

"I do not. Mebbe he's come by the train. The mail's in now. There's Patrick Magrath with the mail-car coming round the corner!"

"You're mebbe right!" said Mawhinney, and then he resumed the recital of his tale. "Did you see the piece in the Derry paper about her?" he said. "That was the queer bit. And there was a piece of portry by the young woman in the post-office. Did you see that bit?"

"Aye, I saw it right enough. It was queer and nice. I didn't know that that woman could do the like of that!"

"Ah, sure, isn't she in Government service?"

"The paper said she was the queer, clever wee girl," Mawhinney said, "and took a lot of prizes at the school in Derry her dad sent her to. They must have spent a power of money on her training!"

"Aye, they did that. They never grudged her nothing. It's a queer pity of them!"

"You're right, James O'Hara. You are, indeed. It only shows you shouldn't make a god of your child!"

Two young men, one of whom carried a wreath in his hands, went up to the door and presently were admitted to the house.

"For dear sake, look at that wreath!" John Mawhinney exclaimed. "Man, that must have cost something!"

"Aye, I daresay it did. It's from the young men at the Y. M. C. A. She was going to be married to one of them. Did you never hear about it?"

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"No, I did not. What was his name?"

"I think it was young McCracken."

"What! That lad?"

"Aye. It'll be a queer cut-up for him, this! . . ." said O'Hara, turning as he spoke to McClurg. "John McClurg, will you take six pound ten for your heifer?"

"Mebbe I would if it was offered to me," replied McClurg.

"There's many a Catholic would be willing to give a wreath, too!" murmured Mawhinney.

"Aye, that's true enough," replied McClurg. "Sure, there's no room for bigotry where death is! . . . Were you thinking of making me the offer, James O'Hara?"

O'Hara walked a little way from the group, and then, squirting tobacco juice before him, returned to it. "Ah," he said, "I was just wondering if you would take it if it was offered to you! I wouldn't offer more'n five pound for it myself!"

"Ah, well," replied McClurg, "it wouldn't be no good you offering that amount. I wouldn't part with the heifer for the money!"

"There's a brave crowd here now," said Mawhinney, turning towards the town. "It'll be a big procession, I'm thinking!"

"It will that. But I've seen bigger. There was the time Dr. Cochrane died. Do you mind that? That was a procession and a half!"

"Aye, it was, indeed! Near a mile long that was! . . ."

The door of the house opened, and a number of persons entered.

"They'll be starting soon," said Mawhinney.

"Ah, well, God help her, she'll soon be out of all this. It's the long sleep to the Day of Judgment!"

"Ah, you're right there. You are, indeed! . . ."

The door slowly re-opened, and men came forth bearing the yellow coffin on their shoulders. A great quietness fell on the village street, and each man in it removed his hat and, if he were a Catholic, crossed himself and prayed for the repose of the dead girl's soul. Here and there a woman wrapped her shawl about her face, and wept. The bearers carried the coffin across the

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street to the lane leading to the churchyard, and the people in the street fell in behind, and marched slowly towards the grave. A bell tolled softly, and in the house from which the body had been carried, a woman could be heard crying and lamenting.

"I'll give you six pounds for your wee heifer," said James O'Hara, as the procession approached.

The body went by. "Ah, God rest her soul!" said McClurg, marking himself with the sign of the cross on the head and breast. He turned to O'Hara, "I couldn't take less than six pounds ten for it!" he said.

O'Hara shook his head. "No," he said, "I couldn't give more than six pounds for it!"

"Well, you'll not get it for the price, then! It's six pounds ten or nothing!"

"Indeed, you're the hard man to bargain with, John McClurg!"

"I'm not hard at all! . . . Mebbe, they're better dead young nor dead old! . . ."

"Will you not budge your price?"

"I will not—not a ha'penny!"

O'Hara gazed up the lane along which the funeral procession was moving. "Aye, it's a strange thing, death!" he said. "Taking the young like that, and leaving the old!"

"Aye, it is!"

"Well, they're in the graveyard now! I suppose I'll have to give you the six pounds ten! Come on down to Maloney's public-house, and I'll seal the bargain with you!"

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THE DILETTANTE WAKENS

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

OUT of the dim forest
Show me the way,
I am fain at last
Of night and day,
I am weary at last
Of unwearying peace
Where toil begins not
And cannot cease.
I have lain too long
In a purple bed,
On nuts and honey
Too long I've fed,
The rose and poppy
Too long have shed
Ineffable languor
On my head.
Grey and silver
And fawn and mauve,
Dim lakes beneath,
Dim skies above,
Pale wine, pale women,
Pale petals shed,
These did I love
In the life I led.
Alas, alas
For my soul that went
Into the air
On a song soon spent,
With grief not laden
Nor merriment!

Out of the dim forest
I will away!
I will know day

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When the strife is sorest,
I will know night
When, Life, thou pourest
Balm on the wounds
Well-earned in the fray.
Bright stars will gleam
In the ale I quaff,
And a jolly company
Catch my laugh,
And the meat be red
As the ale is yellow,
And many a fellow
Share board and bed,
Till I find at last,
On a day all gold,
A woman bold
To cleave to me fast
On a raging sea,
In a forest vast;
In a harsh city,
Till the end be past
Of a life lived free
As seed broadcast!

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THE RISE AND FALL OF CRITICISM

WILFRID L. RANDELL

THE first critic, who scrawled with a half-burnt stick on the carapace of a crab or on a smooth fragment of bark a record of his dissatisfaction with a neighbor, probably retired speedily to his cave, igloo, or wigwam and awaited, defiant or scared, the advent of the enraged one—much as the schoolboy of to-day scribbles crude personalities on wall or gate-post and scampers off before he is caught. He knew, as all critics ought to know, that there is a sense in which the deliverance of opinions, laudatory or otherwise, on another person's appearance, speech, behavior, or work is impertinent, in the true meaning of the word. Yet every man has a right to express himself as seems to him best, provided that such expression does not endanger the welfare of the community, although if we consider the ancient chronicles of almost any nation it is obvious that the very stability of governments and kingdoms often depended upon the relentless suppression of the outward signs of adverse opinion. When Batir, the fierce Tartar general of Zenghis Khan, set up his court at Tsaritsin on the Volga, and invited the Grand Duchies of Russia to pay tribute, any criticism of his proceedings on the part of the Grand Dukes—albeit they seem to have had right on their side—was silenced by a brief physical operation which permanently prohibited further rebellion. The wholesale slaughters of Ivan the Terrible, in the same country, effectively damped the ardor of his critics. In the history of our own land similar instances, on perhaps a smaller scale, can be recalled with a moment's thought. A mob in revolt is but manifesting a primitive form of derogatory criticism, just as a crowd with banners and garlands giving honor to a hero exhibits a primitive form of approval. The snarl of labor to-day is but a rough, hardly articulate protest against the behavior of capital.

With the multiplication of printed papers and books, literary criticism, as we know it, showed the beginnings of becoming a profession. The critic, whom for the time we are bound to con-

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sider principally as cantankerous and minatory, began to feel that he had a vocation—that he was called to the high office of knuckle-rapper to an ignorant and presumptuous crew. His pen was scalpel or sword, bludgeon or battle-axe; he wielded it with a zest that carried him triumphantly through risky errors of judgment or discretion; often his very enthusiasm endowed him with a style that lifted his work above the level of the literature he satirized, or exalted him to a renown destined to remain when the offences which he castigated were wholly forgotten. How many who profess to be students could tell, off-hand, the story of "Wood's Halfpence"? Yet Swift's tirade is still to be read; and his rousing pamphlet *The Conduct of the Allies,* which sold at the rate of eleven thousand copies in a month or so; and his more famous *Tale of a Tub.* Swift was a good type of this class of critic. He saw his chance, and rushed to the charge, head down, eyes glaring, bristling all over with execrations and condemnations—and the details of those controversies are about as interesting to us as the details of the Juvenile Cigarette Smoking Bill may be to our descendants two hundred years hence. Few things can be more difficult than to transmit even a sincere and virtuous anger from one century to another by the written word —such slaves are we of topicality; "we must read what the world reads at the moment," said Dr. Johnson, wisely enough. It is a curious comment on the fleeting fashion of human affairs and the inherent staying power of original literature that *Gulliver's Travels,* published as a topical satire, has become a child's gift-book.

The onward path of criticism is now strewn with squibs, lampoons, and empty shells of irony. Dryden, devising a punishment for Shadwell, wickedly makes the poet-priest Flecknoe say:

> Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
> Mature in dulness from his tender years;
> Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
> Who stands confirmed in full stupidity:
> The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates to sense.

Andrew Marvell, in the same popular metre, gives vent to his spleen on political affairs. This was then the invariable

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method of scoring off an enemy: pillory him in savage couplets, and let truth or facts fly as chaff before the wind.

In the early years of the eighteenth century, Pope and Addison were quarrelling, and literary criticism as an art began to rise toward its astonishing climax. The spectacle of the keen, ingenious, unscrupulous author of the *Dunciad* endeavoring, much in the manner of Dryden, to blacken the character of the elegant essayist, who—

> Like Cato, gives his little senate laws
> And sits attentive to his own applause;
> While wits and templars every sentence praise
> And wonder with a foolish face of praise:
> Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep if Addison were he?

—this spectacle may not be particularly edifying, but in general we are able to see that the "thud and blunder" school was passing. The day of the "reviewer" is beginning to dawn, and the dawn is brilliant.

The reviewer of that period, and for a full century afterward, was entitled to rank as a sovereign literary artist. He still exhibited the energy, the enthusiasm and the ability of the robust cynics and satirists who preceded him, but the quality of his weapons was finer, his manner of handling them more elegant. To his censure he added, in most cases, an ameliorative urbanity, a serenity which lent grace and impressiveness to his pronouncements. He was austere, reproachful, admonitory, where his precursors had been clownish, defamatory, vituperative; the subjects of his distinguished notice might be regarded as patients under an operation for their benefit rather than as victims of violent and unprincipled attack. It was open to them to resent his comments—James Burney, brother of Fanny Burney, closed his doors to W. Hazlitt, believing himself affronted by Hazlitt's review of his sister's *Wanderer* in the *Edinburgh*—but the warfare became less unseemly, the shouting less boisterous, the strokes more regulated by unwritten laws of courtesy, at any rate as far as a man's appearance and motives were concerned. The uncouthness of Samuel Johnson, "Ursa Major" though he may have been at times (we prefer Carlyle's epithet

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"Ultimus Romanorum"), is as naught compared with the gibes indulged in by authors of the previous period; and that he was a persistent critic—if not a very agreeable one—few will deny.

The first twenty years of the nineteenth century showed very clearly the decline, almost the extinction, of the style of sneers and personalities. The scholarly satires of Thomas Love Peacock; the articles of Leigh Hunt in the *Examiner;* the fine, measured prose of Hazlitt; the uninspired and fortunately infrequent satirical poems of Shelley; the gentle remonstrances of Sir Walter Scott, incorrigibly amiable; all these writings, essentially of the nature of criticism, were part of the great renaissance in English letters—the upward curve of the wave which was to spend itself on the shores of then remote lustrums which we have but recently left behind. Even in the famous lapses—the "This will never do" of Jeffreys to Wordsworth; the "Back to the shop, Mr. John," to Keats; the "drivelling idiocy" with which *Endymion* was labelled; the "pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition and sensuality" affixed to *Prometheus*—there were no indecencies, though there were undoubtedly some rough personalities.

At this period we find the quality of charm creeping into the art of criticism. Hitherto the critic had damned with gusto or praised with enthusiasm, but he had not troubled, as a rule, to write as though conscious of the possibility that his phrases might themselves withstand the corrosive action of time; he might have said with George Wither:

> And then, if any frown (as sure they dare not),
> So I speak truth, let them frown still—I care not.

His object was to criticise, not to compose literary essays—though from this generalization Addison and one or two other names must form notable exceptions. Thackeray, lecturing and writing on the English Humorists: Carlyle, with his *Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History;* and Macaulay, the business-manager of language, carried on this new development with immense effect, and the hey-day of literary criticism as an art was at hand. Lowell, in America, patronizing Swinburne (*"Atalanta in Calydon,"* he wrote, "shows that poverty of

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thought and profusion of imagery which are at once the defect and the compensation of all youthful poetry"), and Swinburne himself, waxing eloquent over the Elizabethans, blasting Whitman with his wrath, and loosing torrents of flamboyant and sometimes irritating adoration on Victor Hugo, were at the crest of the wave; one still reads them all with a sense of irresistible admiration, whether in agreement or not with their verdicts. And then came the era of Things Beneath Criticism, and the opportunity of that great and increasing band, the modern reviewers of books.

This gradual merging of the critic into the reviewer, of the lion into the jackal, is one of the most interesting literary evolutions of recent times. The critic of olden days approached his task as a scholar, eager, alert to praise or blame, thoroughly equipped for his work. He had probably written better books than those he deigned to criticise, yet most of his themes had been worthy of the strength and skill employed upon them. There was no flood of absurd, impotent novels; the railway station bookstall, constantly demanding material that shall be attractive to the eye and saleable, whether or no it bears the faintest resemblance to literature, did not exist. A profound discontent must be felt by the student who has taken the trouble to trace the progress of the slow decline. To-day, a few periodicals act nobly as leaders and torch-bearers; for the rest, the spectacle is depressing indeed. The dignity, the discrimination, the high integrity which would permit no ill-regulated, abrupt, slip-shod sentence to disturb the balance of an essay, are missing; in fact the essay itself, constructed by trained craftsmen from the richest stores of language, rounded and polished and tested, yet without losing its splendid spirit and fire, has almost vanished. Even the critic at heart, who values and could continue the glorious traditions, is forced by exigences of time and finance to fritter away his talents on trivial books made by trivial men; or, if he rises superior to this temptation, finds himself reverting to past ages, and, sheltered in his study from the bitter winds of modernity, produces essays on obscure poets and unimportant dramatists—essays that smell of the lamp and have no signs of

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immortality about them, slow in movement and with no apparent destination.

For this collapse the press of books, the preposterous demand of publishers and authors that their joint productions shall be all, or nearly all, "noticed"—as though the immense majority of them were not beneath notice—is principally responsible. It has become a commonplace complaint that good work is "crowded out," and it is a point which need not be enlarged upon here; but it is none the less true. The secondary effect of this enormous industry of book-making—the spoiling of the critic—is what concerns us immediately. It is permissible to hold to the axiom, in spite of Dr. Johnson and his *Rasselas,* Charles Dickens and his serials, and other well-known examples, that no book should be written definitely for money alone; that in all writing the desire to write, the love of the work, should be the innate propulsive force. Inspiration, be it from a hate of injustice, a love of beauty, or a longing to share happiness with others, produces good work in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The men who write because they must should not be sacrificed to the men who write because it pays. The professional author (the journalist, presumably a necessity of civilization, is *hors concours*) is essentially an abnormal being, a blot on the fair scene of literary achievement. The thought of receiving a rose in payment for a sonnet, as was suggested by Mr. Richard le Gallienne some years ago in one of his pretty, inconsequent fancies, may provoke a smile, but it comes near to truth in the sense that the poem thus rewarded would probably be more worthy than the poem written to order for a cheque. "I thought it needless when I sent the verses to say that such tiny things were a gift, honored by your acceptance," wrote George Meredith to Frederick Greenwood, in 1892. "Do not, if you print me in future, pay me." Again, to the same good friend and editor: "My work has hold of me, and a day lost is a dropping of blood"—this after forty years of writing. And again, to Mr. G. M. Trevelyan in 1900: "When I hear that I have been of some use to young men in aiding them to see the real life and guide their steps in it, I am content to think that I have lived." Here is the authentic fire, the impetuous, indomi-

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table spirit, to which the direst obstacles were but occasions for grim laughter, fresh effort; yet supported, not by self-esteem and arrogance, but by a heart gentle as that of a child and humble as that of St. Francis.

The new phase of criticism, aided by the vogue of the pseudo-literary weekly and the recognition by most newspaper-proprietors that an appreciable proportion of their readers is interested in current books, shows not the slightest sign of waning. The majority of its exponents are pathetically lacking in the prime qualifications for their task; they labor under the impression that the ability to transfer opinions to paper in passable English constitutes a critic, not having realized that the genuine critic must be able to defend his opinions by excellent reasons for them. It is not too much to say that hardly one in fifty of this army is entitled to the classic name, and hardly one in a hundred of the books dealt with is worth criticising. The cause of the downfall has already been mentioned. What right have the factory-hands of fiction, the manufacturers of specious "biographies," the diligent colorists of kingly amours and of courtly profligates, the hawk-eyed time-servants who "turn out" novels on some topical question in the hope that huge sales will reward their smartness, to thrust their innumerable crude products before the weary eyes of the critic—or even before the hack reviewer—and to solicit a written verdict? Such a verdict, from the one must be degrading to his self-respect, since if he were to write exactly what he thinks no editor would print him; and from the other must mean merely a facile, futile re-arrangement of familiar phrases—a "review" which is simply a "notice," as devoid of value as its subject.

It was perhaps inevitable that this condition should come about, since all the arts have their halcyon days and their days of storm, their years of brilliance and their years of eclipse. Fluctuation—undulation; systole and diastole: these are the clear teachings of history in literature as in other arts; and in the tale of that great branch of literature, criticism, the same holds true. "Great men," said Professor Henry Jones, "appear in great ages . . . into a world which is waiting for them. They are the consequences of vast upheavals, products of the

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world's stress and strain, pushed upwards from beneath by the pressure of mute social forces which have long been mustering. For this reason great men come, not singly as a rule, but in groups, like highest peaks in a mountainous region. . . . . All alike, men of thought and men of action, the mighty and the lowly, are at such periods quickened as by some new spiritual force. The earth has circled round as if in its sleep, and a new spring has broken upon mankind." It may be—it must be—that we linger at present in one of the valleys; that we now gaze at the sunlit peaks behind with admiration, and peer ahead through discouraging mists toward the heights which we cannot see, but which we hope are there, unclouded, inscrutable, serene.

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THE MODERN HERO

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

THROUGHOUT all the numerous discussions, illuminating and otherwise, of the twentieth century novel, its purpose and its morals, attention has been focussed principally, if not quite completely, upon the modern heroine. She is so unlike the faint-away, die-away young ladies who preceded her, the difference between an Amelia Sedley and an Ann Veronica, for instance, is so striking—and to many persons so appalling—that the change which has come over her indispensable masculine companion, the hero, has almost escaped notice; or, if mentioned at all, is attributed entirely to her influence: which is nearly as great a mistake as to ignore that influence altogether. Yet the change which has come over him, though less startling, is almost as great as that through which she herself has passed: the easy-going "walking-gentleman" who once held the centre of the stage in the majority of novels has made his exit, probably forever. That amiable young man whom elderly or defunct relatives supplied with cash as a matter of course and of whom nothing save a "handsome person," an "agreeable address," a fairly good temper and a certain amount of physical courage was ever demanded or expected—a type modelled upon the English country gentleman and one which with some slight modifications has persisted from the times of Jane Austen and even earlier, down almost to our own day—no longer fulfils the requirements either of author, reader or heroine. True, he still makes an occasional re-appearance; and when this happens we instinctively label the book in which he figures "old fashioned."

For the hero's character, once more or less negative, has now become positive. If he is to measure up to the ideas and ideals of the modern world, he must first of all be a fighter—though not with sword and pistol; for the military hero is far less popular than of yore, maiming and killing one's fellow men having ceased to be regarded as an altogether commendable occupation. He must battle valiantly for some great cause, preferably social, but often political or artistic: at the very least he

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must stand firmly and definitely upon his own feet, a conqueror in the struggle for economic existence. We "left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques" upon "the old three-decker"; but the modern hero's bank-account has to be of his own creating, else it is looked upon as a handicap rather than an asset. One of the many reasons why the books of that most artistic of writers, Leonard Merrick, are now becoming popular is because his heroes—with the two exceptions of whimsical Conrad who went "In Quest of His Youth" and the lawyer who defied those conventions and prejudices which failed to accord with "One Man's View"—are all striving as best they can to wring a living out of some form of art, and without compromise or the traditional barter for pottage. Novelists, playwrights, actors, they are working-men every one, and the hero of to-day is a working-man as essentially as he is a fighter. In *Down Among Men,* Mr. Comfort's John Morning first wages his own personal battle against poverty and slander and physical hardship and when that is won throws himself, all he is and all he has, into the broader social struggles. John Ward, M.D., hero of the exceedingly modern book which bears his name as its title, abandons the luxurious idler's existence which might have been his and plunges into the arduous life of a country physician, literally for the salvation of his soul. No longer can the hero drift easily onward, the sport of circumstances which a kindly Providence in the shape of the author is sure to make favorable in the last chapter; such a one is only too likely to share the deplorable fate of him who was wrapped "In Cotton Wool." He must fight untoward conditions, even though, as was the case with Mr. Onions' Jeffries, he can do so only by committing what the law calls a crime.

Run over the list of those writers whose names spring first to one's mind in connection with the term "modern novel" and see how their heroes all stand for something beyond social amenities or the capacity for facing cold steel with equanimity. When Jane Bennett declared that Bingley was "just what a young man ought to be—sensible, good-humored, lively, and such happy manners!" she voiced the sentiments of the readers of that generation; but in the more accurate and therefore more modern of

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those reflections of life we call realistic novels, we see what often happens to the merely amiable young man once he comes in contact with any of the great present-day forces, good or bad. Mrs. Wharton's Ralph Marvell, for instance, is a more intelligent, analytical and highly civilized Bingley; and one realizes from the first that so soon as he leaves the shelter of the backwater where he was born and bred his defeat and ultimate ruin are inevitable. He was sweet-tempered, agreeable, cultured—negative. As an ideal, the "gentleman of leisure" has been—not thrown—but gently and firmly removed from his pedestal and placed in the museum along with the quill pen which portrayed him so often and so admirably.

More and more definitely with every year which passes does that easy-going, receptive attitude once looked upon as quite correct and even praiseworthy suffice to imply certain defeat. And this because we take life itself far more seriously than our great-grandparents or even our grandparents ever dreamt of doing. They concerned themselves primarily with death and dying; we are interested in life and living. We are consequently more occupied with what we can perhaps help to happen in this world than we are about possible conditions in the next. With less fear and more real faith than our ancestors possessed we are willing to let our own ultimate future take care of itself, while we strive to improve the future state of the race here upon the earth. Our greater, more widely spread knowledge has so quickened the sense of personal responsibility that it has grown and is growing by leaps and bounds. Men's general point of view is less selfish, less fixed upon their own affairs than was once the case—at the least, they think it well that that of others should be so—and this alteration has affected even our lightest, most ephemeral fiction. There is no more popular plot than that which is concerned with a wealthy flâneur who becomes a worker through the influence of some earnest young woman or, vice versa, the useless society girl who is "awakened" by some big man—generally one who has come, like Lochinvar, "out of the West." The hero of to-day, even though he be only the hero of a magazine story, must do something besides woo the heroine if he is to win the modern reader's sympathy or admiration.

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It has been said that it is impossible to open an English novel of the present time written by a worth-while author without finding one's self immersed in a discussion of socialism. Of course this statement is a half-humorous, half-despairing exaggeration; nevertheless it may be safely averred that six out of every eight among the heroes of recent notable novels are engaged in some phase or other of the struggle for human betterment. The new hero fights disease, sacrificing his own desires for the sake of those who would come after him, like John Ward; he does his very utmost for an ideal theatre, as was the case with "The Actor-Manager"; believing that the hope of the race lies in the spread of knowledge, he devotes himself to the task of "maintaining an onward, intellectual movement in the world, a movement not simply independent of but often running counter to all sorts of political and financial interests, as did that Stephen Stratton who was one of two "Passionate Friends." Perhaps some concerted endeavor for a new country's welfare claims him, as it did Neil Tempest of "The Law Bringers"; or like Lord Coryston, he is absorbed in the ages-old conflict with tyranny, political and intellectual. More rarely, attempted reform in the Church is his portion, as it was that of the young clergyman who wanted to make clean "The Inside of the Cup." Even a mere whipped-cream fiction hero like James Desboro is forced to realize at last that there is such a thing as "The Business of Life"—which latter fact is an exceedingly strong indication of the change which has come so quietly, yet so completely.

And the new, ardent interest in life and living, an interest comparable only to that which came with the Renaissance, represented by all this, has brought a different and enlarged questioning of youth and its development; consequently we have books of such a comparatively novel order as *From the Angle of Seventeen* and *Youth's Encounter*. Can anyone picture the hero of either of these tales as eventually becoming an amiable leading-man of the old-fashioned type? The old order changeth, and with it the general standard as to what is and what is not admirable. If we have no great liking nowadays for a Sophia Western, we surely have still less for a Tom Jones. Despite all

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talk to the contrary, it may well be doubted whether the hero has not in truth been obliged to conform to an even more radical alteration in popular opinion than has the heroine. We hear a great deal, for instance, about the obsolete quality of Dickens' heroines; but what of his heroes? And is even Evelina herself more out of date than that insufferable prig, Lord Orville?

It is and probably always has been the fashion to sneer at the present, its fact and its fiction, and to sigh for "the good old days." Yet Scott Nearing tells us that modern science has abolished pessimism and, if sanely regarded, the fiction of the present time will be seen as indorsing that dictum. Less self-centred and less amatory than his predecessors, striving at least to master circumstances instead of supinely submitting to them, economically independent instead of merely doing his best to sponge on his parents or on some "wealthy relative from India"; taking his existence at once more cheerfully and more earnestly, often fighting a good fight against some kind of wrong or degradation, artistic, social or political; clean-living, not needing to be "reformed" by his marriage to the saintly heroine, or else working out his own salvation by his own honest efforts; one whose life, though sometimes cloaked with an apparent flippancy, has both purpose and meaning; there is no more hopeful or inspiriting sign of the times than the new and very different hero who dominates our modern fiction.

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ARTHUR B. DAVIES

JOHN COURNOS

INGRES walked through the streets of Rome with his eyes covered, led by his wife like a little child, so that he might not see the contaminating sights of modern life after seeing the frescoes of Raphael. And in considering the pristine, almost primitive, character of the art of Mr. Arthur B. Davies, one wonders whether anyone in like manner leads him blindfolded through the infinitely worse maze of New York, and whether his ears as well as his eyes are closed against the reigning cacophony that is certainly not in his work. As with Ryder, his art is a revolt from, rather than a product of, his environment. His natural tendencies led him in fact to visit Greece a few years ago, whence he returned to New York more Davies than ever.

He is a symbolist and a romantic, and above all a rare colorist. I have yet to meet anyone who could explain his symbolism, or anyone who admired his paintings the less on that account. Correlate these two facts, and you pay the highest tribute to the artist's qualities as a painter. You have here conclusive proof that the pleasure his pictures afford does not depend upon their subject matter, but upon their intrinsic merit as painting. It is easier to rhapsodize over his color than to describe it. It is as abstract as a piece of music, and of the same unforgettable intangibility. Above all you remember the purity of its tones—the translucent coloring of warm, southern skies—and the splendid if subdued opulence of really musical blues which haunt one's memory like some rich ancient chant sung in monotone. It has been said of an artist, whose name I cannot now recall, that he painted listening. It has also been said that Leonardo had musicians play in order that Mona Lisa might smile; but it is strange that no one has suggested what effect this music had on the painter, and that if it helped Mona Lisa to smile it might also have helped Leonardo to paint that smile. We like to think of Davies as listening in order to catch at the point of his brush the elusive sounds of a piece by Bach, or perhaps by Debussy. It may be that he is listening to the music of his own soul. And

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what if all this is not criticism but fantasy! Obviously it is the spirit of the artist's color harmonies that I am trying to suggest, and not the external processes which bring about their consummation; these may be sufficiently unromantic to please the most practical of men.

Granted that Davies's painting expresses with subtle suggestion " the condition of music," the recognition of this fact brings with it a revelation of the painter's symbolism. The tall, splendidly drawn female nudes which have been the cause of pleasure as well as of mystification are after all an essential factor in this tangible musical element. As music can be reposeful or restless, so is the music in these canvases reposeful or restless, and correspondingly the figures—musical symbols, as it were, expressed in line—have fallen in with the latent rhythm of Davies's color. They have listened to its magic tunefulness, and succumbing to it, have become its *leit motif*.

A Davies figure and a Davies landscape preserve a perfect balance. Either would be equally bereft without the other. Nude in soul as well as in body, the figures are made to respond to complex modern emotions in a simple, primitive way. No Greek and no artist of the Renaissance would have illustrated the pretty myth of *Hylas and the Nymphs* quite as Davies has done in his canvas of that name. It is a splendid evocation of the modern spirit. It is easy to read into it the woe and the unrest and the inarticulate desire of Twentieth Century women. The agonized figure to the right, with outstretched arms, is Hedda Gabler disrobed. (We have seen Madame Nazimova, robed, aspire to a posture like this.) Or she might be one of the Trojan women of Euripides, the one Greek dramatist who remains astoundingly modern despite the many waters that have flowed since his day and ours. This picture is full of movement, which is restless without being violent. I have not seen, however, the artist's *Storms, Frenzies, Torments;* but the title suggests something Dantesque, which Davies is not infrequently. Beneath all this portent there is structural quality, the units are perfectly related, and the various rhythms co-ordinated as in an orchestral composition. A comparatively simple arrangement is *The Measure of Dreams*. It is a composition of subtly modu-

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lated tones, and truly the dream-woman is moving to the measure of Davies's color. Few painters have invested their figures with such profound significance. I remember a little blue panel—I am not sure that it is called *Autumn Bower*—in which the wind is blowing furiously through the trees, and sending their tops forward in one fine rhythmic sweep; the waters of a pond are turned to foam; in the lower left-hand corner, on one of the banks, two nude human forms are crouching on their knees, their bodies bent rigidly forward, their hair flowing in the same direction before the fury of the tempest. The beauty of the composition consists in its general forward movement, its suggestion of wild wind music and of the human fear of the elements.

There is danger of reading too much into the pictures of Davies, but that is the great virtue of his art. The more wrong we are the more right the artist is, since in usurping the abstractedness of music, he has lent his art to the same possibilities of diverse interpretation. But let us hope we have not gone off the track quite so badly as the Scotsman who was made to feel gay by listening to Tschaikowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*.

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PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF EDWARD CARPENTER

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS

IT has been my good fortune in my little book, *Three Modern Seers,* to write an appreciation of Edward Carpenter, which seemed to Carpenter himself a summarizing of his own ideals. To approach the personal mood of so individual a man and to create an atmosphere which is intimate without being intrusive, is not so easy a task as to study the poet and the prophet presented in his books for the world to read or misread. The writer, the business man, the artist or the clown may not move our pulses. But the sudden or secret revelation of the human being in any of these gives us a key and with it we unlock, not only the door of one personality, but of many. To approach and understand a complex nature like Edward Carpenter ought to imply a range of sympathy akin to his own, and so the task of discussing him is doubly difficult. Theodosia Garrison has in *The Joy o' Life* poems put the difficulties of correspondence between a poet and his readers in these words:

> Fire he put upon his lips,
> In his heart a blade,
> "Thus," quoth Allah to his Saints,
> "Are my poets made.
> "Yet what use?" the maker sighed
> To his angels near;
> "Since I may not give the World
> Ears, that they may hear."

For our consolation, however, it may be declared that the characteristics of genius in modern life do not stand so apart from those of us who are average in brain and heart as they did thirty years ago. Complexities of temperament through education and rational facing of problems by the aid of science and medicine, the increase of real democracy, and the decrease of the cant of it, have made a minority of us more tolerant and understanding. I can well remember Edward Carpenter being described as a dangerous anarchist, and even as a madman. In the past, "this man hath a devil" has usually been the label

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put upon reformers, from Christ to Bernard Shaw; but now it is almost fashionable to entertain the law-breaker as well as the law-maker, in case angels should be neglected unawares. In these days it is growing more common to find, amongst both men and women, a mingling of the practical and the mystical. In Edward Carpenter the poet and the mystic have transformed or transmuted all the so-called "common" things of life into "miracles at our door," as Grace Rhys would call them. An unusual humanity in the man has made those brown, dog-like eyes of Carpenter's pierce through appearances, and he sees jewels where most of us see only bottle glass. He drags off the disguises. He sees the creature within, the real entity, trying slowly to emerge, and he is never brutal to the shy unfolding of the spirit. From babe to lover, and from lover to the one awaiting death, he watches the transitions, the failures, the so-called sins, and the comedies and tragedies of emergence from the coils of the flesh back to the spirit, which is the warfare of earthly life. These have no terrors for him. Neither sin nor suffering nor shyness confuses his outlook. He lays a calm hand on the anæmic or the fevered pulse, and knows the physic prescribed by Destiny. He realizes at a glance how desire and restraint cause equal lapses and treacheries in the work of the spirit; but he realizes also that Love always draws upwards.

Carpenter sees how we set up fantastic theories of slavery to indulgence or asceticism, so that our growing pains shall not hurt so much. We worship money, we want to increase our power, or intensify our ambition. We love absorbingly and suffer woefully. We bluster and bind, we seek and are led astray. We pray for faith and remain faithless. We give small names to great truths, and crucify where we ought to heal, and we extinguish where we ought to stimulate. The whole crazy blunder is because neither our spirituality nor our humor is big enough to enable us to be properly human. For after all to be human is the first aid to spirituality. A man like Carpenter is of immense value because he gives hints of what real spirituality is. He knows it is not a selfish hope for an exchange of good deeds for a fair haven. It is simply the power to realize the one-ness of all living things, and a need to suffer and to joy with

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others. It is a realization that love is the end, even if the way and the means to it are painful and baffling. It is to believe and to surrender, to be ready to live or die a saviour or to be one of the "lost," as Fate wills. Edward Carpenter as poet and seer dreads neither joy nor sorrow, because he knows they spring from one root.

He understands music, as we find when we read *Angel's Wings;* so he knows the value of discords. In his *Desirable Mansions* and other essays we realize he is a real democrat; but he is almost aristocratic and certainly autocratic in his plea for serene individualism in democracy. Self and the over self, oneself in and for others, is the keynote of all his work. In *Love's Coming of Age* he proves he can understand the passionate, bewildering, and mystical heart of a woman, through realizing the crude needs of the past, and the subtle evolution in the present of her mate, man. He sees the flux and reflux of passion and pain, of love and death. He would have no hurry, and yet no rest till Love has emerged in all its wonder and beauty. Love and desire in their crudity, their excess, and their ecstasy, this man approaches with the courage of a mystic and the exaltation of a lover. He realizes that there is nothing common or unclean in love, as there is nothing terrifying in death. All through his books, and especially in the *Art of Creation* and the *Drama of Love and Death,* we realize how Life, Love and Death make the great drama for Immortality. This belief in the man makes us, while reading his poems or his prose, at one with the babe at the breast, and with the ferns in cool stretches of forest. This one-ness is at the root of his whole philosophy. A cobbler, an ant, a thief, a saint, a coward, a scandal-monger, and a self-righteous groper after truth, are to him just brothers and sisters finding the way or lamely walking in it. To me, the greatness of Edward Carpenter's conception is just this emphasis on the one-ness of mankind.

When I have stayed with Edward Carpenter in his little home near Sheffield, what has always struck me most is the way the apparently incongruous in his atmosphere appears in order and reasonable. In the little kitchen where we eat and talk there is a piano. It seems quite in place, though in our kitchens

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it would probably appear absurd. I remember smiling to myself one night when I sat between Carpenter and his factotum and friend in one. Carpenter was mending his shirt, and the other a pair of socks. No incongruity struck me, because Carpenter's idea of life is simplification and a real division of work. His belief is that what a woman can do a man can always share. He has realized the truth that no occupation is a sex monopoly, but a chance for free choice, capability, and division of labor. So that when Carpenter takes his share in the washing-up, it seems quite as natural as when he lights a cigarette. When he neither sews nor smokes but plays Chopin, a curious realization comes over one that there is no real difference in the arts of love, music, stocking-mending or redeeming. The so-called commonplace is mere vibration of the soul to the true poet, the sinful and erring mere confusion of tongues spelling out the infinite.

On one occasion when a purveyor of religious tracts called on these two men in the little village where they dwell, the factotum alone was at home. "What religion," inquired the missionary, "do you profess?" The answer was immediate, in a strong north-country voice. "What religion! Why! the same as the cocks and hens! We love the sunshine and the garden, and our bit of grub." Though this man confesses he has neither read the Bible, nor any of Carpenter's books, his humorous answer strikes at the root of the matter of the unity of all natural things. It is this realization of unity which makes Carpenter a vegetarian, an anti-vivisectionist, a socialist, a suffragist, a seer, and possibly a sinner. For after all, what is a sinner? The real sinner is one who lapses consciously from his vision. He is one who cannot always and absolutely live up to the light within him, as the conventional sinner is one who cannot live up to the ideas of the people around him. To pretend that Carpenter cannot fail in word or deed would be to take a sentimental and false view of him. Of course he fails; but the wonderful thing about him is that he makes those of us who know him well more firmly his friends, because of this one-ness with us in spiritual imperfection. He neither poses as a saint nor counts his conquests as a spiritual miser. He is not dismayed at his failures, but learns and strides on, bearing as he can the penalties of both

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success and failure. The men or women who dare to be themselves never escape suffering and misconstruction, but Carpenter tells us that the great order is served by these personal tortures. Complexity of temperament implies martyrdom, and martyrdom is a gate to real mysticism, and mysticism is heaven's horn book on Earth. We must remember that no man, and no woman, trespasses into the unknown, while they bear flesh as a burden, without a terrible dragging of the nerves, or some complexity of temperament which, under certain conditions, could spell madness or ruin. The poet or the seer, like the dancer, runs enormous risks if he interprets through the body the bewitching ecstasies of the soul. But failures do not count as much as attempts and enterprises. None of us can say where failure begins or success ends in the spiritual adventures of life.

My personal tribute to the work of Edward Carpenter is, that never once for more than twenty-five years, in whatever straits life has hurled me, either from joy or pain, have I gone to his *Towards Democracy,* and come away in the same mood. It is surely the epistle of a life, and the Gospel of a life to be, when love has solved the difficulties of pain, jealousy, separation and death, and when the great Mother Nature is recognized as the real Healer.

Curiously enough, *Towards Democracy,* the first edition at least, is in one mood, the mood which almost eclipses a message in a grief, but a grief without bitterness. When Death takes what we love, expression in some form saves breakdown. Through death the artist either expresses or is extinguished. The door opens and he sees, or it shuts and he wails. If he sees, he creates, and then we see too.

The death of his mother opened up the channels in Edward Carpenter, for the inflowing of the spirit of *Towards Democracy.* No one can read that book and remain quite the same. From the almost condemnatory onslaught on respectability, to the last word in the latest edition of all, "Lo! what a world I create," the human being and the seer speak to the mortal and the immortal within us all, and help us, as the sun and the stars and the flowers help, by being themselves.

It is this singleness, this unaffectedness of the man and the

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artist, that makes Carpenter worth while. There is in his work, and in himself, both serenity and radiance. One of my most precious memories when staying with him is when, one Saturday night, he took me to the local public house. As I was the only woman there, except the landlady, the colliers and farmers did me honor. An old man, who had drunk rather deeply, got up and sang a song to Carpenter's vamping. The utter unconsciousness of these men, and especially of the one who sang it, who had no idea that it was not the most appropriate with which to entertain an ethical prig, was very refreshing, as it was refreshing to see Carpenter as a pal of them all. In that little public house parlor was that curious atmosphere of human democracy which is utterly free from philanthropy, patronage or snobbery. "I go in and out accepted" is true of Carpenter, as of Walt Whitman.

Carpenter is as much at one with animals and nature as with men. A lovely picture remains with me of him in his garden. In the little hut by the brook, at the end of the garden, where he wrote nearly the whole of *Towards Democracy,* we were sitting one afternoon, and talking out all things from sex to psychism. Suddenly I realized we had an audience. A large water rat eyed us calmly as we talked out the probable and improbable secrets of the universe. The rat knew, as I knew, that all things wearing fur or feathers or silky skins were safe with this man, whose sense of beauty and unity defended all dumb things from evil. The rat scratched his ear, while we scratched the universe. None of us seemed afraid of the Possible or the seemingly Impossible.

When one is with Carpenter one feels that what we call the miraculous is no violation, but an enlargement, of nature's laws. It would not surprise me in the least suddenly to find an escaped tiger lying asleep with its head on Carpenter's sandals, any more than it would appear impossible to me if I heard that the little that is left of his mortal body had passed out of sight in a way nature might see fit to use for her special children at special intervals. He is one lent by the Gods, and the Gods are omnipotent.

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THE CELTIC STRAIN IN LAFCADIO HEARN

MICHAEL MONAHAN

IS there any sort of reproach or bar sinister in the fact of a literary man having Irish blood in his veins, in his belonging much or little to the most deeply spiritualized and poetic race in the world? That vision of the invisible world which is the delight and the despair of poets, to whom has it been given in fuller measure than to the Celt? Those preoccupations of the soul which token an immortal destiny, those strivings to regain an eternal inheritance which mark a people of the spirit, what race do they indicate with a clearer stigma? Is not the entire history of the Celt a rejection of the things of this world for the Shadow and the Dream?

Yet one might think there was some reproach, or inferiority, or even degradation implied in the Irish name, judging from occasional hints dropped by illiberal, or superficial, or perhaps merely careless persons. For instance, Mr. F. Hadland Davis, an Englishman, writing about Lafcadio Hearn in the March FORUM, and writing exceeding well in the main, has this to say on the subject of his racial inheritance as accounting for some of the characteristics of his literary genius:

"Can we in any way account for Hearn's delicate, sensuous and ghostly style? I can suggest two possible, but by no means exhaustive, reasons—viz., his birth and the fact that he suffered from myopia. . . . Hearn's parentage was interesting. He had Greek and Romany blood in his veins. The Greek accounted for his unquenchable love of the beautiful in everything he saw, combined with an almost equal love of the horrible; and the Romany for the fact that he was one of the world's wanderers."

The suggestion of Hearn's myopia as a formative influence in his style, an idea that originated with the eccentric Dr. Gould, I have treated elsewhere. But is it not singular that a writer so well informed as Mr. Davis—he claims to have read all of Hearn's books and nearly everything published about him!—should ignore the fact, obvious and indisputable, of Hearn's Irish blood? The attempt on the part of Miss Bisland, his

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first biographer, to trace his Irish forbears on the paternal side back to 1693, when they were Dorsetshire English, seems a rather foolish piece of pedigree making. It certainly was unjustified by the facts. There were mingled elements in Hearn's blood, but he was more Irish than anything else. Those who knew the living man never doubted it, and to my mind, at least, his genius yields the strongest proofs of Celtic derivation.

This is not the first time Hearn's racial antecedents have been made to bear an invidious note. Mr. Davis seems to share an ugly and, I had thought, extinct prejudice with Miss Bisland: which prejudice is the more to be regretted, since her work in most other respects is deserving of liberal praise, while her slightly romantic friendship with Hearn gives her a claim of esteem upon all who are interested in the writer and the man. Her motives were, *bien entendu,* of the worthiest: to throw something of a picturesque glow about a life that in its earlier years sorely needed it—that held in truth overmuch darkness and suffering. But in writing as she did, about Hearn's early family and religious associations, with her quick womanly sympathies touched to the quick and her feelings more exercised than her judgment, I suspect Miss Bisland did not render the best possible service to his memory.

Hearn himself was partly to blame for the undisguised prejudice shown by his biographer. He had suffered much in his shy myopic youth; he had been ill-understood and harshly treated, and in some confused way he had lost home and friends. All this was not clear to Hearn himself, or at least he gave no clear account of it. I believe also that Hearn romanced about the sordid circumstances of his youth, and that simply from the quality of his imagination. There is little in what he tells to put a sure finger on; rather, most of it seems of a nightmare unreality. Hearn began early to brood over and fashion that appropriate legend of himself with which every artist is more or less preoccupied. He indulged this usually harmless passion to an extreme degree, until he at one time hallucinated himself into the notion that he was the object of a systematic, malignant persecution by priests of the religion in which he had been brought up. But close readers of his work, including his letters (like Mr.

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Davis I may claim to be one), know that in his later years he softened considerably and opened his mind to saner views. I believe even that he learned to laugh at his pet bugaboo of Jesuitic persecution.

Finally, with his partial disillusionment regarding Japan, notable in his last years, the pendulum is seen swinging back for Hearn and the immemorial claims of race and blood are felt to be striving within him for reassertion.

In spite of home and wife and children, in spite of Japanese name and all, nay, in spite of the literary glory that Japan had yielded him, I believe he was never less attached to the strange land of his adoption than in the last year of his life. Something of the change must be referred, of course, to the loss of his place in the Imperial University, and his personal experience of the darker traits of Japanese character, traits which are indeed common to East and West. But I believe a deeper explanation is called for, if we would truly estimate this final phase of Hearn's thought. A man does not add a cubit to his stature by thinking, nor does he remake himself as to his racial and spiritual inheritance. Lafcadio Hearn remained Celtic in soul, spite of his many years in Japan, spite of his immersion in the myths and creeds of a strange people, spite even of what he believed to be a sincere preference of Buddha to Christ. Oh, yes, the pendulum was swinging back for Lafcadio Hearn! Man is unto himself a mystery: by ways strange and undreamed of, across the opposing currents of a lifetime, the soul of a race wins back to its own. . . .

Literary ladies and others need no longer concern themselves, as I take it, with the somewhat grotesque and painful legend of Lafcadio Hearn's early years, nor seek to remould it in the interests of romance. Hearn was not born of the aristocracy, nor did he come of the Romany Rye, and it is puerile folly to put forth such stuff. I will say, however, that one of the best things in his legend and one of the most undoubted, is that he came honestly by the second half of his name, which is as Irish as any in the rubric! Let his romantic admirers be advised that they render a poor service to his memory in seeking to make him out as wholly and deliberately unworthy of it.

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LORD DUNSANY'S GODS *

CHARLES VALE

A FEW nights ago I read Lord Dunsany's *The Gods of the Mountain.* Then, after an interval of ten minutes for reflection, I read Lord Dunsany's *The Gods of the Mountain* again. It is ten years since I was guilty of such greediness. When one writes books, and reads books, and spends a regrettable number of hours each day with proofs in all stages of imperfection and with manuscripts in all stages of negligibility or eligibility, one does not usually wish to read anything twice, whether it reveal the secrets of the heaven above, or of the earth beneath, or of the waters that surround the earth. But there are exceptions—even if they be only decennial exceptions—to all rules (including this, which, since it is its own exception, justifies itself).

To-day, I have read Lord Dunsany's *The Gods of the Mountain,* for the third time.

After such a confession, criticism may seem superfluous. It is. I shall therefore, with consummate ease, refrain from anything that could justly be called criticism. But it pleases me—occasionally—to be garrulous; and there seems no valid reason why—occasionally—one should not please oneself, especially when there is a possibility that others may be tempted to a pleasure that carries no sting, to a debauch that leaves the brain stimulated, and not asphyxiated.

The average critic—the average incompetent critic—observes two fixed principles when he is reviewing a book: first, and most importantly, he desires so to reveal the plot or theme of the book that no reader will need, or wish, to read the book itself (which results in a manifest injustice to the author, the publisher, and the decoyed public); second, he desires so to reveal his own inanity that no intelligent person can remain in the slightest doubt as to his fitness to be a leader of public opinion and an infallible guide

* *Lord Dunsany: Five Plays*—the latest volume in "The Modern Drama Series," edited by Edwin Björkman (Kennerley).

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through the labyrinths of literature, art, philosophy, and the usual distractions from a sane, safe, and monotonous life.

I do not care at all about these principles. I prefer to neglect them, on all suitable and unsuitable occasions; and have even (greatly daring) gone so far as to intimate that the main function of a reviewer is to review, not to travesty. Particularly, I have objected to the familiar *résumés* and so-called analyses that disfigure the pages of our leading literary journals. My own habit has been to suggest, not to exhaust; to give occasional representative extracts and a sufficient general indication; but not to deprive the author of the privilege of being himself, of speaking with his own voice, of appealing or repelling *in propriâ personâ*.

But consistency—that bugbear of little minds—exists only because of its value as material for inconsistency. I intend to give—without any apology to Lord Dunsany or his publisher—the substance of *The Gods of the Mountain*. For if I, who have read the whole play twice, could none the less read it, willingly, a third time, surely those who may glance through this rambling paper will not be satisfied with any deputizing, but, for their full contentment, will go direct to Lord Dunsany and his gods.

The Gods of the Mountain appeared first in 1911. The play was staged at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, and the performance drew from Mr. Frank Harris the strong statement: "It was one of the nights of my life; the only play, I said to myself, which meant anything to me in twenty years." I can comprehend fully Mr. Harris's feeling; for, to a large extent, I share it—though I have waited three years for the pleasure. I should not have waited so patiently if I had known more exactly what I was waiting for. For some time, those enviable people who are able to keep up with the world's literary output have been asking me what I thought of Lord Dunsany's work. I did not think anything, because I was too busy with mediocrities to pay sufficient attention to genius. I am now trying to atone for my own stupidity.

The Gods of the Mountain has just been published here in "The Modern Drama Series," edited by Edwin Björkman. Four other plays are included in the volume—*The Golden Doom, King Argimēnēs and the Unknown Warrior, The Glittering Gate* and

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The Lost Silk Hat. There is also an excellent introduction by Mr. Björkman.

"It is hard," Mr. Björkman says, "to define just what makes these plays what they are. But certain qualities are tangible. Their deep and rich symbolism is one. It is the kind of symbolism for which the advances of modern psychology have prepared us—the kind that is inseparable from life itself as we are only just beginning to understand it. Another quality is their capacity for suggesting at once the intimate unity and appalling vastness of life. In *The Golden Doom* the fate of an empire and a little boy's desire for a new plaything become linked as facts of equal importance in the web of fate. In *The Gods of the Mountain* we meet with an atmosphere of fatality comparable only with that found in the Greek dramas. . . . Through all of the plays the greatest possible economy of means has been observed, so that not a word, not a tone, not a gesture is wasted in obtaining the effect aimed at. . . . The characters of Lord Dunsany speak as simply as those of Maeterlinck, but always sharply to the point; there can be no mistaking what they mean, and that meaning serves always to carry forward the action of the play. . . . The plays combine to an extraordinary degree the qualities which make separately for theatrical or literary success."

The Gods of the Mountain opens with three beggars seated upon the ground, outside a city wall. The note of unusualness is struck at once, but with superb simplicity.

OOGNO: These days are bad for beggary.

THAHN: They are bad.

ULF (*an older beggar, but not grey*): Some evil has befallen the rich ones of this city. They take no joy any longer in benevolence, but are become sour and miserly at heart. Alas for them! I sometimes sigh for them when I think of this.

As they talk, Agmar and Slag enter. Agmar is poorly dressed, but "tall, imperious, and older than Ulf." He rebukes the three for their pessimism, and they discover that he is not a merchant, or some lord in disguise, but a master-beggar, cunning in counsel and in action. He has travelled from far, "having somewhat exhausted the city of Ackara."

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Swiftly, he conceives a scheme that will bring food to the hungry, and esteem to the despised.

AGMAR: Have you any thieves among the calling here?

ULF: We have a few that we call thieves, master, but they would scarcely seem thieves to you. They are not good thieves.

AGMAR: I shall need the best thief you have.

Two citizens enter, and Agmar at once shows his skill as a beggar. But when the citizens have gone, he returns to his scheme.

AGMAR: We shall need fine raiment; let the thief start at once. Let it rather be green raiment.

THAHN: I will go and fetch the thief.

ULF: We will dress ourselves as lords and impose upon the city.

OOGNO: Yes, yes; we will say we are ambassadors from a far land.

ULF: And there will be good eating.

SLAG (*in an undertone*): But you do not know my master. Now you have suggested that we shall go as lords, he will make a better suggestion. He will suggest that we go as kings.

ULF: Beggars as kings!

SLAG: Aye. You do not know my master.

ULF (*to Agmar*): What do you bid us do?

AGMAR: You shall first come by the fine raiment in the manner I have mentioned.

ULF: And what then, master?

AGMAR: Why, then we shall go as gods.

BEGGARS: As gods!

AGMAR: As gods. Know you the land through which I have lately come in my wanderings? Marma, where the gods are carved from green stone in the mountains. They sit all seven of them against the hills. They sit there motionless and travellers worship them. . . . They are of green jade. They sit cross-legged, with their right elbows on their left hands, the right forefinger pointing upward. We will come into the city disguised, from the direction of Marma, and will claim to be these gods.

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We must be seven as they are. And when we sit we must sit cross-legged as they do, with the right hand uplifted.

ULF: It were well not to anger the gods.

AGMAR: Is not all life a beggary to the gods? Do they not see all men always begging of them and asking alms with incense, and bells, and subtle devices? . . . . Then will the gods be glad when we follow the holy calling with new devices and with subtlety, as they are glad when the priests sing a new song.

The scheme is carried out with subtlety and success. The beggars—now seven in number—are accepted as gods, thanks to the resource of Agmar, who invents "an ancient prophecy" of the waking of the gods and causes it to circulate amongst the people. In many other ways he shows his skill. For some of the citizens doubt the divinity of the seven beggars, and arrange to put them to the test. One—Illanaun—thinks he recognizes Agmar as a beggar to whom he had given alms—as, indeed, he had done. He is the "doubting Thomas" of the new dispensation.

ILLANAUN: Now I never knew a beggar yet who would refuse a bowl of Woldery wine.

ANOTHER CITIZEN: This is no beggar.

ILLANAUN: Nevertheless let us offer him a bowl of Woldery wine.

OTHER CITIZEN: You do wrong to doubt him.

ILLANAUN: I do but wish to prove his divinity. [*The wine is fetched and offered.*]

FIRST BEGGAR: It is Woldery wine!

SECOND BEGGAR: It is Woldery!

THIRD BEGGAR: A goblet of Woldery wine!

FOURTH BEGGAR: O blessed day!

FIFTH BEGGAR: O happy times!

SLAG: O my wise master!

[*Illanaun takes the goblet. All the beggars stretch out their hands, including Agmar. Illanaun gives it to Agmar. Agmar takes it solemnly, and very carefully pours it upon the ground.*]

FIRST BEGGAR: He has spilt it!

SECOND BEGGAR: He has spilt it!

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AGMAR: It was a fitting libation. Our anger is somewhat appeased.

The citizens, convinced, go, and the beggars, left alone, greedily eat the meat that has been brought to them as an offering. But Illanaun still doubts, and men are sent on dromedaries to Marma, to see whether in truth the gods have left their seats, or are still in their ancient places. The news is brought to Agmar at the time when the messengers are due to return. He cudgels his brain for a new device to avert the penalty of exposure; but he has not sufficient time. The messengers come back from the desert, and are brought in to confront the beggars. The question is put to them: "Were the Gods of the Mountain seated still at Marma, or were they not there?" The beggars hurriedly prepare for a flight that would be futile, but they are stayed by the inexplicable answer. *The gods were not at Marma.*

The beggars are now indeed accepted as the gods; but Agmar is perplexed. What has happened? A banquet is prepared, and a frightened man enters and abases himself before Agmar.

MAN: Master, we implore you. The people beseech you.

[*Agmar and the beggars in the attitude of the gods sit silent.*]

MAN: Master, it is terrible. It is terrible when you wander in the evening. It is terrible on the edge of the desert in the evening. Children die when they see you.

Agmar gropes for a solution of this new mystery.

AGMAR: In the desert? When did you see us?

MAN: Last night, master. You were terrible last night. You were terrible in the gloaming. When your hands were stretched out and groping. You were feeling for the city.

AGMAR: Last night, do you say?

MAN: You were terrible in the gloaming!

AGMAR: You yourself saw us?

MAN: Yes, master, you were terrible. Children, too, saw you, and they died.

AGMAR: You say you saw us?

MAN: Yes, master. Not as you are now, but otherwise. We implore you, master, not to wander at evening. You are terrible in the gloaming. You are——

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AGMAR: You say we appeared not as we are now. How did we appear to you?

MAN: Otherwise, master, otherwise.

AGMAR: But how did we appear to you?

MAN: You were all green, master, all green in the gloaming, all of rock again as you used to be in the mountains. Master, we can bear to see you in flesh like men, but when we see rock walking it is terrible, it is terrible.

AGMAR: There have been doubters of late. Are they satisfied?

MAN: Master, they are terrified. Spare us, master.

AGMAR: It is wrong to doubt. Go and be faithful.

[*Exit man.*]

SLAG: What have they seen, master?

AGMAR: They have seen their own fears dancing in the desert. They have seen something green after the light was gone. . . .

ULF: Something was coming this way from the desert, he said.

SLAG: What should come from the desert?

AGMAR: They are a foolish people.

ULF: That man's white face has seen some frightful thing.

They wait for the banquet, and hear a sound of slow, heavy footsteps.

ULF: I have a fear, an old fear and a boding. We have done ill in the sight of the seven gods. Beggars we were and beggars we should have remained. We have given up our calling and come in sight of our doom. I will no longer let my fear be silent; it shall run about and cry; it shall go from me crying, like a dog from out of a doomed city; for my fear has seen calamity and has known an evil thing.

[*They listen. No one speaks. The stony boots come on. Enter in single file a procession of seven green men, even hands and faces are green; they wear greenstone sandals; they walk with legs extremely wide apart, as having sat cross-legged for centuries; their right arms and right forefingers point upward, right elbows resting on left hands; they stoop grotesquely. . . .*

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The leading Green Thing points his forefinger at the lantern—the flame turns green. He points one by one at each of the seven beggars, shooting out his forefinger at them. As he does this, each beggar in his turn gathers himself back on to his throne and crosses his legs, his right arm goes stiffly upward with forefinger erect, and a staring look of horror comes into his eyes. In this attitude the beggars sit motionless while a green light falls upon their faces. The gods go out. Presently enter the Citizens, some with viands and fruit.]

CITIZEN: They are cold: they have turned to stone.

[*All abase themselves, foreheads to the floor.*]

ONE: We have doubted them. We have doubted them. They have turned to stone because we have doubted them.

ANOTHER: They were the true gods.

ALL: They were the true gods.

And so, with this supreme jest, satire and truism, the play ends. "They were the true gods"—and who could doubt it, except the gods themselves?—the implacable gods of rock, who will not be flouted by the imaginative, and yet will punish by mock-deification, nor care that the people will take the false for the real.

I will not give details of the other plays. All who do not read them deserve the incompleteness of life that will inevitably result from the omission. But the opening of *King Argimēnēs* must be repeated:

KING ARGIMĒNĒS: This is a good bone; there is juice in this bone.

I do not know what may be the effect of this upon other readers; but, to me, it is extraordinary—as is the commencement of *The Gods of the Mountain.* And the involuntary cry later, when great deeds have been done and the King who had become a starved beast of the fields is on his throne again——

ARGIMĒNĒS AND HIS MEN (*savagely and hungrily*): Bones! —surely this is one of the most significant and original dramatic touches in all literature! And the remark of Jim in *The Glittering Gate,* when Bill, the dead burglar, has opened the

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gates of heaven and discovered only "empty night and stars"——

JIM: That's like them. That's very like them. Yes, they'd do that!

—is it morbidity on Jim's part, or has he learnt to understand a little more of the mind of the gods than is usual on this side of the Styx?

Lord Dunsany has a predilection for the gods, for, in addition to his creations in the present volume, he had previously written *The Gods of Pegana* and *Time and the Gods*. No man is more competent to take those Elder Brothers by the hand and establish a new mythology, in which shall be symbolized the strivings and passions, the illusions and disillusionments of the human race, now consciously growing old and a little world-weary. His style, trenchant and pregnant, follows the form of prose and conveys the substance of poetry. He is at once poet, playwright, philosopher, satirist and symbolist. His work, delicate and fine, yet strong, is one of the most remarkable productions of the last decade. That phrase may seem hackneyed; it *is* hackneyed; but not more hackneyed than the constant lament that these are barren days for literature, that there are no more giants in the land, and no signs of them discoverable. But if, then, we be beggared of genius, we can at least go to *The Gods of the Mountain* and say, with Mlan and Oogno, "Never had beggars such a time."

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CORRESPONDENCE

Amusing

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Did you notice that in a recent number of its Literary Supplement, *The New York Times,* commenting favorably on Witter Bynner's *The Little King,* expressed surprise that a periodical of "such advanced views" as THE FORUM should be willing to publish a literary work in which a boor and ruffian is described as a boor and ruffian, and not transformed into an immaculate hero because he happened to be associated with the proletariat? Such is satire!

ANDREW L. HUTCHINSON

ATLANTIC CITY

[Yes. We noticed it.—EDITOR]

The Fourth Dimension

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue, Mr. Rudd's paper on the Fourth Dimension contains the statement: "Four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of a cube through its centre will each be at right angles to the other three." But will they?

CHARLES RANDELL

CHICAGO

[Of course not. The little paper was printed to provoke discussion. It is serving its purpose admirably.—EDITOR]

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Where was your mathematical editor when you slipped through the statement in Mr. Rudd's article that "Four diagonal lines imagined from the corners of a cube through its centre will each be at right angles to the other three"? All wrong. It is easy to prove that they are all less than right angles. Shuddemagen knew what he was talking about when he wrote his excellent article, but Rudd is away off. I know, because I live in the fourth dimension most of the time when I am not busy somewhere else.

CANADIAN

TORONTO

[Send along the easy proof. It will be interesting.—EDITOR]

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Forgo or Forego?

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed several times when reading my copy of THE FORUM that you seem to have adopted the spelling "forgo" when "forego" is more usual. No doubt you have a reason for this. Will you tell me which spelling is right?

H. RUSSELL FREEMAN

SAN FRANCISCO

[It depends upon the meaning. The two words are different. See the Editorial Notes in this issue.—EDITOR]

The Truth About Dying

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I wish you would start a discussion about the interesting subject of Death. I am not trying to jest about a serious matter, but there is no need to be lugubrious when one is searching for information. I have been told several times by people revived from apparent drowning that there was no pain after the first intense struggle. When the power to hold out ceased and the water was taken in, there came a sense of peace, of floating dreamily to unconsciousness. But the point that specially interests me is whether a head suddenly severed from the body retains any sensation. When they disputed the matter in France, with reference to a guillotined man, somebody lamented the impossibility of obtaining the one testimony that would have been decisive. No head that was ever cut off had been known to bob up and say "It's all right, and doesn't hurt in the least." Those familiar with the execution of chickens may have drawn some conclusions. But it may relieve timid and imaginative minds to note the strong evidence adduced recently by Professor Cook Wilson and others to the effect that as a rule the dying feel little or no pain. So much, indeed, has always been affirmed by those who had the best means of knowing, and there is a familiar story of William Hunter, the anatomist, telling almost with his last breath "how easy and pleasant it was to die." I wonder whether any of your readers who may have been so close to "the other side" that they had really no business to return, can throw some additional light on the subject.

WILLIAM COX

BOSTON

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Patriotism

CREDIT should be given where credit is due, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge publicly that the Hearst papers have recently performed an invaluable service. In their prolonged and vituperative campaign against the President, they have collected and massed together all conceivable—and several inconceivable—types of ignorance, pettiness and vindictiveness. They have presented to the nation a vast amount of material, conveniently and voluminously grouped, showing how it is possible to evade sincerity and substitute ranting for reasoning. And they have defined patriotism. Patriotism consists in giving vent to personal hatred and spleen; in appealing to every form of crude race-prejudice; in exploiting the stupid and ignoring the intelligent; in vilifying the few statesmen we have who comprehend and worthily represent the true ideals of the nation; in suppressing the facts and elaborating the fallacies; and, generally and conclusively, in observing on all occasions the spirit and principles that fitly characterize the yellow press.

It is an honor to have Mr. Hearst as an enemy: a disgrace to have him—politically—as a friend.

Champ Clark

EXIT.

The London Times

THE report that the President has been seen reading the London *Times* is very painful. It is not the business of an American President to keep in touch with public events and public feeling in other countries. He should remain as provincial as possible, so that he may be properly qualified to carry out the duties of his office. *The Times*—even though the price has been reduced to a penny—must be eliminated from the White House before it has served its despicable purpose as the thin end of the wedge. If *The Times* be permitted, our Presidents may go further and read a German or a French paper, or even—*horribile dictu!*—a European magazine. This sort of thing must be

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stopped at once, before it has time to develop. Our national prestige is at stake. Why cannot the President be content with Beatrice Fairfax and the New York *Evening Journal?*

The Police System

THE legislature at Albany has decreed, in its wisdom and in its loving care for Tammany interests, that the Police System shall be perpetuated in New York, and that the Mayor shall be hampered as much as possible in his attempt to make the Department self-respecting and respectable.

The new Commissioner started badly by intimating that he intended to give every man in the Department "a square deal." He need not bother himself with platitudes. The police will take excellent care that they have a "square deal." What Commissioner Woods has to do is to prevent the Department from continuing to give the city a crooked deal.

The Ebb Tide

THE ideas and aims of the intelligent are inevitably parodied and vulgarized by the unintelligent; and the great modern movements for finding and facing the truth in all problems of life have been hindered by the folly of the insincere and self-interested, no less than by the opposition of the merely stupid. Where those who lead, or deserve to lead, public opinion have been fighting the deadly inertia and complacency of the "bury the truth and live on lies" disciples, those who wish only to profit by any "fad" of the moment have rushed in, strident and irritating, to exploit the "white slave" agitation, or the movement for teaching rational hygienic principles, or for furthering the study of eugenics (as opposed to the nonsense that is trying to discredit a valid and valuable science). The money-value of popular interest has been estimated and duly commercialized, especially by those magazines which live on passing sensations; and now, we are told, the tide has turned, the day of the muck-raker is passed, and the voice of the turtle will be heard in the land, cooing in pre-Victorian accents.

It is a pleasant and amusing thought; and the turtle may coo

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at his pleasure to his chosen admirers, following the tide to low-water mark and preparing a different note for the time when the waters change and it is advisable to come in on the flood. But the cooing and the cooers will not disturb those who prefer not to follow fashions in the philosophy of life. There will be more room for honest effort; less trouble from the fools. That is all.

Senile Debility at Ellis Island

THE following is the account given by the London *Times* of the experiences of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the well-known novelist, at Ellis Island. The authorities at the Island have a difficult task, but they have made several blunders lately that should have been avoided by the exercise of a little common sense.

" Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the gifted author, had an unpleasant experience at the hands of an immigration officer on her arrival at New York in the *Mauretania.*

" Mrs. Steel had been travelling with her nephew second class, as she frequently does in her search for material to write about. On landing, an official, whom she described as a very polite, spectacled gentleman, asked her where she was going to. She replied that she was going to Jamaica. He then inquired how much money she had. She replied that she had $500 and could get more if necessary. When she added that she was an author, the inspector looked dubious and directed her to wait.

" An hour later the inspector returned and informed her that the immigration doctor had certified that she was suffering from senile debility and that she could not be allowed to land as there was a danger of her becoming a public charge.

" Mrs. Steel declares that she nearly shrieked, as her own doctor had assured her just before her departure from England that she ought to be able to work until she was a hundred. She told the officials that her account of the experiences she was having with them would be worth $150 in a London newspaper. This appears to have struck the officials as a slight proof of her sanity and, after questioning her for another quarter of an hour, they told her nephew to take good care of her and released her. Such experiences, said Mrs. Steel, before leaving for Jamaica, ' are good to laugh at afterwards, but far from agreeable.' "

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The British Army and Ulster

THOUGH a number of English officers—including Lord Pitt, the son of Chatham—resigned their commissions at the time of the War of Independence rather than fight against the colonists, we should probably have to go back to the time of the Stuarts for a close parallel to the recent actions of the British Government and Army. In the last year of the reign of James II, as Macaulay tells us, the men of Lord Lichfield's (now the Suffolk) regiment were drawn up in the King's presence and the Major commanding informed them that his Majesty wished them to subscribe an undertaking binding them to assist in carrying into effect his intentions concerning the Test. Those who refused compliance must quit the service on the spot. "Whole ranks instantly laid down their pikes and muskets." Presently—which extends the parallel between 1688 and 1914—the men were told to take up their arms, and the incident closed, with a gloomy remark from James that another time he would not do the soldiers the honor of consulting them.

A Curious Clergy List

A LIST recently issued classifies the names of clergymen under various whimsical headings. Thus "Anatomy" provides five Bodies, eight Bones, four Heads, seven Leggs, etc.; "Weapons" includes three Cannons, twenty-four Balls, eleven Pikes; "Music" discovers three Noyses, thirteen Hornes, four Whistlers; and "Schools" gives us eight Masters, nine Boys, and thirteen Birches—which seems a fair allowance.

Forgo and Forego

AN editor's life, of course, is not a happy one; and he deserves all the torture that can be inflicted upon him. But, fortunately for his peace of mind and imperturbability of temper, he can retaliate—in sorrow, obviously, not in anger.

Presumably, some contributors have souls: but why do so few of them possess dictionaries? A dictionary is not infallible; its use is not compulsory. But it is sometimes helpful.

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There are still several thousands of perfectly amiable men and women who insist upon writing *foregoing* when they mean *forgoing*, and *'round* when they mean heaven knows what. Perhaps they consider that an apostrophe is decorative: it certainly looks attractive in such an alliterative phrase as

'Round the 'rugged 'rock the 'ragged 'rascal 'ran.

A word to the wise is usually sufficient; and it is useless to appeal to the foolish. So, having written the foregoing, one may forgo further acrimony and resume the ordinary duties and urbanities of the day. But fair notice is given that in future all manuscripts ignoring this gentle hint will be treated as communications from a personal and peculiarly malignant enemy.

Eugenics and Common Sense

MANY people who might otherwise be accused of intelligence seem to be confusing eugenics with the nonsense that has been so much to the fore lately, in connection especially with the talk about breeding human beings as if they were prize pigs. But though the way of a fool is right in his own eyes, there is no reason why others should adopt it, or mistake it for the path of progress.

Eugenics can, and does, give us valuable guidance as to the danger or freedom from danger of certain conjunctions: but it does not suggest that a man shall discard the woman he loves, because her grandmother once had the toothache, and transfer his attentions, though not his affections, to a woman who seems more likely to produce bouncing babies and perpetual unhappiness. Scientific knowledge will not prevent men and women from falling in love or induce them to marry without love. But as our interests and comprehension widen, our outlook certainly changes and we are less likely to yield to transient attractions or be satisfied with a parody of the ideal that all men and women carry in their hearts.

The argument that nature can be trusted to look after her own decadents is amusing. Shall that prevent us from discouraging, by continuous educational work, the abuse of alcohol or any other abuse that leads to the deterioration of the race? Nature

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will certainly look after the alcohol-maniac, sooner or later, in her own way, as she looks after the sex-maniac and the syphilitic. But nature does not distress herself about the diseased generations that must pay for the sour grapes they never tasted, before the process of elimination is completed. We have chosen to interfere with nature in a thousand ways. We build tenements to breed disease, and hospitals to preserve the resulting degenerates and enable them to perpetuate their kind. As we have cheerfully accepted so much responsibility, we might at least go a little further and be decent in our marriages and our views of marriage, even if it interferes with nature's prodigal desire to mate every adolescent with the first conveniently accessible specimen of the complementary sex.

The London Times Again

In its first issue at the reduced rate, the London *Times,* under the heading "Ireland v. England," says: "Ireland and Scotland played a drawn game at Windsor Park, Belfast, on Saturday, each side having scored one goal. This result gives Ireland the championship for the first time after 34 years."

It is to be hoped that *The Times* will try to preserve its former high reputation for accuracy even in details, and will not compete with the slovenliness that disgraces so many papers. This slovenliness has increased extraordinarily in recent years: not long ago a New York journal had eight inexcusable blunders in a single paragraph of twelve lines.

When work is done under high pressure, mistakes will sometimes occur in spite of all reasonable precautions. Every journalist has experienced, for instance, the disappointment of finding errors, kindly inserted by the printer, in a paper that left his hands free from faults and with no excuse for alterations. But such an error as the one just quoted should not be possible in a journal like *The Times,* with its huge staff and complete printing arrangements.

However, one may congratulate Ireland on an achievement that will bring pleasure to many thousands of her sons, who still preserve in distant countries their affection for "soccer."

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Asini Maxilla *

SOME time ago, an intelligent observer (the reader may decide whether this is a euphemism or a euphuism) strayed into a local court of justice, and, realizing the chief duty of an intelligent observer, began to observe. The proceedings were highly colored—at any rate, the defendant and seven per cent. of the spectators were colored. The actual result of the case was of little importance, except to the defendant, who was discharged, the presiding justice stating that the evidence for the prosecution could not possibly convince any reasonable person that the accused was guilty of the alleged offence, though he himself (the presiding justice) felt quite sure that the defendant really *was* guilty. Wherefore the defendant was discharged—and was escorted home in triumph, littering the highway with laurels.

The actual result of the case was of little importance, as has been stated, to the vast majority of the onlookers—(say nineteen): but the actual conduct of the case was interesting for a special reason—if three patrolmen may be called a special reason. These patrolmen were evidently animated by one immortal principle—duty to an ideal. Theirs not to reason why: theirs but to chew—and, unfortunately, not die. Resolutely, vigorously, continuously, they chewed gum: vehemently, ostentatiously, and with deplorable enjoyment, they chewed gum. They chewed before they gave evidence; they chewed while they were giving evidence; and they chewed after they had given evidence. And the presiding justice was entirely content.

Months later, when the debilitating effects of the experience were beginning to yield to expert medical treatment, the same observer ventured to broach the subject to a man of high rank (sergeant) in the local police department. Courteously, the man of high rank listened: but, curtly, delivered his opinion.

"I should say so," he said. "Why not? I chew everywhere"—(it seemed so). "I always chewed before Judge . . ."—(he named the greatest legal luminary of the county). "Why, I've chewed in the Supreme Court—often."

*See also Judges, XV: 15, *et seq.*

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Obviously, that settled the question. The prestige of the Supreme Court is not a trifling matter—in isolated country districts. If such an august tribunal permits policemen in uniform, and on duty in the court, to chew gum, any intelligent observer must revise his ideas of intelligence. And, after all, chewing gum is our great national substitute for thinking. It has been said that evil communications corrupt good manners. But gum is scarcely an evil communication; and those who chew it publicly, unashamed, have no manners to be corrupted.

Faith and Futility

THE following passages, taken from an article in *The New Statesman,* have a pleasant significance:

"A professor once lectured on the Hegelian theory of tragedy; a student, writing an essay on the subject, spelt Hegel 'Haeckel.' 'I cast my Hegel upon the waters,' said the professor sadly, 'and he came back to me Haeckel.' This happened some years ago—it would scarcely happen now. Haeckel and Huxley have gone the way of Heaven and Hell. The Higher Criticism is laid low, for so little is left to criticise. A mellifluous rationalism flows from the very pulpit; not the gloomiest dean, however legitimately annoyed with the obvious and manifold faults of the poor, now threatens to punish them for lack of earthly opportunity by a wilderness of eternal pain. The armies of denial, if they now went out to war, would find themselves confronted with no solid fortification of dogma, but with a yielding and complaisant mist. . . . The old antitheses are blunt and pointless. . . .

"Faith, after all, is either nothing, or a bracing and vital experience. . . . To call ourselves religious may make us feel all square and comfortable, but we are not religious unless our faith is a working power in our lives, shaping ideals and adapting character to face trial and seize opportunity. We are not religious unless we have had it out with ourselves and made sure that we mean something by what we believe . . . ."

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